

ACTORS WHO PLAY GAY FOR PAY

out

September 11  
and Us

An In-depth Look at  
Blood Donation

Surviving the Shock

Intimate Parties

The Best in  
Holiday Fashion  
and Entertaining

Tranny Rights

Why One Lesbian  
Changed Her Mind

## THE CALL OF DUTY

WHETHER HE'S WORKING FOR NEW YORK'S  
FINEST ON *NYPD BLUE* OR ENTERTAINING  
REAL-LIFE TROOPS IN THE MIDDLE EAST,

# BILL BROCHTRUP

## GIVES GAYS A GREAT NAME

November 2001



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This One



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ON THE COVER: BILL BROCHTRUP PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR OUT BY TREVOR O'SHANA. STYLING BY SUSIE CRIPPLEN. GROOMING BY MIRIAM INOKO FOR LUXE. BILL WEARS A COTTON SHIRT BY AGNES B, TIE BY NAUTICA, AND JEANS BY CLUB MONACO. THIS PAGE (FROM TOP): JEFFREY GARDNER FOR OUT; SETH GILLIAM WEARS A BLACK FOUR-BUTTON VELOUR LASER-CUT SUIT JACKET AND BLACK MESH TANK TOP WITH "ACID ROCK" DECAL BY D&G. GABI RONAMPTV NET, HARVARD THEATRE COLLECTION, THE CONDO NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. © LUXE SMALLLEY, COURTESY TWIN PALMS PUBLISHING. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION

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# CONTRIBUTORS



SMITH



ULVE



SILVERMAN



PALUMBO



GARDNER

Comedian **BOB SMITH** says he's met his share of boozy, chain-smoking *Ab Fab* types in his native Buffalo, N.Y., and in his adopted home of Los Angeles. But he's still wondering why unbearably selfish people are so entertaining on the tube but not in real life. In this month's List, Smith gives us the recipe for a hedonistic Thanksgiving as Patsy and Edina would celebrate it. Of Lucille Ball, whom Smith also writes about in this issue, he says, "I find her inspirational because she reinvented herself and had her greatest artistic success in her 40s."

When New York-based artist **KIRSTEN ULVE** visited Iceland recently, the locals told her the legend of *húddenfolge*, hidden magical folk who live reclusively in the countryside. "My guess is that Björk may be one of them," says Ulve, referring to the Iceland native and eccentric performer she drew for *Out*'s Horoscope this month. Ulve, who draws inspiration from Erté and master caricaturist Al Hirschfeld, among others, has had her work appear regularly in *Entertainment Weekly* and *Glamour*.

Theater director and filmmaker **ETHAN SILVERMAN** has always been fascinated with porn, but his interview with adult-film vet Wash West and indie director Richard Glatzer about *The Fluffer*

in this month's *Out* was his first sustained encounter with someone who's actually worked in the adult industry. "The porn world is full of contradictions that run from desperate to glamorous, just like life," the New Yorker learned. He wrote the introduction to the recently published Broadway photo book *Backstage*.

A native of France now based in Los Angeles, fashion photographer **DOMINIQUE PALUMBO**, who shot this issue's sexually charged "Intimate Parties" fashion spread, says what he loves most about his job is creating subtle tension between people. Greatly inspired by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Palumbo, whose work has been featured in *Mademoiselle* and *Maxim*, is working on a cover for *Teen People* that includes Ashton Kutcher from *That '70s Show*, James King from *Pearl Harbor*, and singer Nelly Furtado.

Photographer **JEFFREY GARDNER** was a fashion stylist for 15 years before taking his turn behind the lens. For this month's *Out*, the openly gay Gardner photographed his very first celeb, hunky Seth Gilliam—who, coincidentally, plays an out fashion photographer in the new film *Punks*. Originally from Los Angeles, Gardner is a 10-year New York resident whose work has appeared in *Fast Company*, *Brill's Content*, and *Vogue Brasil*.



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# YOUR LETTERS



## Slap Us Silly

I've lost all respect for you after the September issue ["Back to Class"]. You put a gorgeous bare-chested guy on the cover to make us buy the mag—but then we take the time to read the story, and we learn that he is straight and there isn't a damn thing gay about him. You are *Out* of here as far as I'm concerned.

Sean Winchester  
Acworth, Ga.

As a gay man who has watched lovers and brothers who have lived, fought, and died for the rights we take for granted today, I find the lack of conviction in your inability to produce out cover models appalling. What's the purpose of your magazine if you cannot even live up to your name?

Nic Valle  
Los Angeles

I found your cover story on English teacher and model Dayton Schlosser to be a slap in the face to queer America. Some readers might actually purchase your magazine thinking it is a queer publication. I was utterly disgusted at that story and the Carlson twins cover story in May.

Marquis Wilson  
Champaign, Ill.

For some reason, I was under the impression that *Out* was intended to serve as a feature magazine for gays, lesbians,

bisexuals, and transgendered people, reflecting their interests, issues, and lives.

Kera Bolonik  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

It bothers me that a magazine entitled *Out* puts a straight man with no connection to anything relevant in the gay community on its cover. Then in his editor's letter, Brendan Lemon writes, "Dayton is straight, but his profound understanding of sexuality makes categories seem beside the point." If categorizing sexuality is beside the point, then is *Out* magazine beside the point?

Name Withheld  
Atlanta

## Dayton's Day

The September issue dazzled me with every page. The content was stimulating while the overall look of the publication had me tearing through the pages. The

enjoyment of the issue included the feeling that I had all the answers before most had the questions. Thanks again for keeping me informed and stimulated.

Cubby  
Miami Beach, Fla.

If I had had an English teacher who looked like Dayton Schlosser, I would have received the Nobel Prize in literature by now. Stewart Shining did an excellent job behind the camera, but let's face it: How could someone who looks like Dayton take a bad picture? I always enjoy your magazine, and then sometimes I really enjoy your magazine.

Name Withheld  
Sarasota, Fla.

## Hollow Man

According to your bio of photographer Matt Albani, his fashion spread "We

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"I found it sad that the cover of *Out* used the word *hate* and the name Andrew Sullivan in the same headline. I have always admired his courage and moral complexity," writes Audrey E. Lockwood.

## YOUR LETTERS *continued*

Two Boys" was inspired by the writings of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman. Yeah, the essence of Walt Whitman is 16 pages of \$915 Louis Vuitton cotton blazers and \$280 Miu Miu pants. Thanks for the best hollow laughs I've had in years.

Preston Reese  
Gold River, Calif.

### Ghetto Blaster

Is that editor in chief Brendan Lemon who wrote in the September "Letter From the Editor," "A lot of gay people continue to invest energy in dividing the world between queer and non-queer...living in an openly gay manner, most of their deep friendships are with other gay people"? I do not get it. Where does he live? The Castro, Greenwich Village, Provincetown, the Keys? Most of the gay boys I know live in an open manner because they live who they are. Some of my closest, most personal friendships are with

straight men and women. They're everywhere, you know.

Name Withheld  
North Palm Beach, Fla.

### Aly's Allies

Just wanted to thank you for the cover article on Alyson Hannigan ["Alyson's Wonderland," August]. I've been a long-time Willow/Tara fan, and I was thrilled to see one of the major gay magazines finally put one of them on its cover.

Lisa Mayo  
Berkeley Springs, W.Va.

I just wanted to say how much I enjoyed reading the article on and seeing the wonderful pics of Alyson Hannigan. *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* has done groundbreaking work lately, and the Willow/Tara relationship has been sweet and real. Glad to see it getting the recognition it deserves.

Tracy  
San Jose, Calif.

### Sullivan's Travels

I found it sad that the cover of *Out* used the word *hate* and the name Andrew Sullivan in the same headline ["Letter From the Editor"]. I have always admired Sullivan's courage and moral complexity. Instead of attacking him, we should have the decency to at least try to understand the nuances of his work and be proud that so scholarly a man represents our community.

Audrey E. Lockwood  
Los Angeles

### Uncivil Unions

I think Ruthann Robson did a great job of broaching the subject of sexual taboos ["Sacred Cows"]. I would point out that opponents of civil unions in Vermont did try to make it legal to marry one's mother during the last legislative session. The bill was called "reciprocal partnership" and was designed to nullify civil unions by allowing blood relatives to form civil unions. Not surprisingly, given the anti-civil union backlash, the bill was passed and will be taken up by the senate next year.

Christopher Byrne  
Shoreham, Vt.

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In "EcoHomo," a *Voices* piece in our September issue, the company St. Lawrence Cement was misidentified as St. Lawrence Concrete. *Out* regrets the error.

## **Intolerance = Death**

September 11, 2001.

It was a day of unspeakable tragedy and loss.  
It was a day America's eyes were opened to the horrific  
consequences of hatred and intolerance.

We extend our deepest sympathies to those we have lost  
and those who are suffering as a result of the devastation—  
including our brothers and sisters in the gay community.

We extend our utmost gratitude to the brave men and  
women who risked their lives in the rescue effort.

And we join in the fight against intolerance by celebrating  
the diversity of American culture.

For that is our greatest strength.



out

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# NOVEMBER LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



So many of the witnesses to what happened in New York and Washington on September 11 have spoken of how radically strange this tragic experience was for them. Even New Yorkers

who've lived in the Middle East or those old enough to have lived through Pearl Harbor attested to how new the aftermath of these attacks felt: The amount of carnage was greater than terrorist strikes in Israel, and, unlike on December 7, 1941, there was no immediately identifiable enemy against which to direct one's rage.

In some senses, I too want to attest to the surreal unfamiliarity of the situation. I will never forget the experience of walking home that Tuesday from *Out's* Manhattan offices at West 14th Street and Eighth Avenue to the upper west side, and in that four-mile-plus trek—past people lining up for pay phones or huddling around car radios—I felt as if I was in a place that was part bombed-out refugee camp, part postapocalyptic trauma zone.

In other ways, however, that trudge through the city and around its psychically shattered blocks in the days that followed had an eerily familiar vibe. After the publication of the *New York Times* article of July 3, 1981, which reported a strange gay "cancer," and throughout the '80s, when the fear and frustration around AIDS was at its zenith, I used to walk through some of these same neighborhoods—Chelsea, midtown, the west side—and feel a similar wartime dread: anger desperate for an outlet. I had the same sense of everything struggling through the process of irrevocable alteration, the certainty that it would only be after the immediate casualties were accounted for that the deeper psychological work would begin.

New York in the early days of AIDS and the city after the World Trade Center attack had an even more specific parallel. It involved blood. But the feelings around that bodily fluid were sharply contrasting. In the 1980s one feared having blood drawn

for testing: If you were HIV-positive, how would you cope? In the World Trade Center aftermath, you wanted militantly to volunteer for the procedure. I say militantly because, as Bill Hayes eloquently reports here, in this country gay men are still ineligible to donate blood. Meanwhile, a promiscuous heterosexual, not to mention anyone who lies on the intake form, can be approved.

The inequity of this policy reminds us yet again how gay people are denied fair treatment. In fact, the response to the September 11 attacks reminds us how limited we are in this country when we attempt to perform certain civic functions: Not only could gay men not donate blood, but out gay men and lesbians could not be part of the military response. In times of peace many of us can treat the latter exclusion somewhat lightly: *NYPD Blue* actor Bill Brochtrup, our cover guy this month, has contributed an amusing first-person essay here about the irony of finding himself, an openly gay man, undertaking a USO trip this past summer to the Middle East to entertain the troops.

If Brochtrup were to have undertaken the assignment this fall, the context would not of course have been so calm, the stakes in the Middle East having escalated in the interim. On the other hand, his piece might have been even more corrosive—more *M\*A\*S\*H*-like. As Tolstoy put it in *War and Peace*, gallows humor under fire helps satisfy "that eternal human need for hope of relief, for sympathy...which is felt in times of suffering." It helps satisfy "the eternal human need that is seen in its most elementary form in children—the need to have the hurt place rubbed."

**BRENDAN LEMON** EDITOR IN CHIEF

"Hey, there's a blue one."

Drivers wanted. 

FILM TELEVISION STYLE BOOKS MUSIC ART+DESIGN

## FILM

**A new gay comedy allowed one very accomplished actor a chance to shatter screen stereotypes about bitchy queens.**

ACTOR SETH GILLIAM was walking down a New York City street about a decade ago when a stranger approached him. "He was like 6 foot 7, and it was maybe 1 o'clock in the morning," Gilliam recalls. "And he walked up to me and said, 'I just saw you in a play, and I want to let you know I'm going to be a director one day, and I want you to be in my movie.' He gave me his card, and I said, 'Great.'" →

# This punk rocks

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFFREY GARDNER FOR *OUT*

SETH WEARS A CORDOVAN NAPA JACKET AND CORDOVAN COTTON-SILK PIN-STRIPED SHIRT BY CALVIN KLEIN.



Gilliam decided to do *Punks*  
because it featured  
African-American men  
and one Latino who were  
loving each other instead of  
shooting each other.

(continued from page 17)

Once he got home, Gilliam tossed the business card in the trash.

Cut to 10 years later: Gilliam receives a script for a movie called *Punks* and agrees to meet the writer-director at a Manhattan restaurant to discuss the lead role. In walks Patrik-Ian Polk, the bold stranger from a decade before. "He walked in, and I put it all together," says the 33-year-old actor and native New Yorker. "There aren't many guys out there who are 6 foot 7."

It didn't take Polk long to convince Gilliam—who played correctional officer Clayton Hughes on *Oz* and recently appeared in the New York theatrical production of *Blue* alongside Phylicia Rashad—to accept the part of *Punks*' Marcus, a gay photographer looking for true love in Los Angeles. Gilliam couldn't help but be intrigued

by Marcus's smart, sweet, and romantic nature. "Oftentimes it seems to me that gay characters are impenetrable—just the quickest wit and the sharpest tongue and the hardest bite," muses Gilliam, who attended New York's high school of the performing arts. "Marcus isn't like that."

Essentially, Marcus is the film's "straight" man. His wild crew of friends includes a drag performer (Jazzmun) who refuses to reveal the identity of his/her lover, a Beverly Hills party boy (Renoly Santiago), and a buddy (Dwight Ewell) who resorts to bed-hopping to mend a broken heart. All of the primary characters in *Punks* are African-American and Latino men. "That was the main reason I took the film," Gilliam says. "It was African-American men and one Latino who were loving each other instead of shooting each other." **CHRISTINE CHAMPAGNE**



PERFECT PAIR: WASH WEST (LEFT) AND RICHARD GLATZER WORKED TOGETHER TO MAKE *THE FLUFFER*.

# Who's doing whom?

**A tantalizing new movie about the porn industry—made by an adult-film veteran and his director boyfriend—explores the elusive sexuality of actors who are gay for pay.**

AN AWARD-WINNING gay-porn visionary and an art-house film director sound like an unlikely romantic pair—let alone professional collaborators. But Wash West and Richard Glatzer have managed to fuse their creative talents to create a revealing film called *The Fluffer*, released this month, which delves into the adult film industry while questioning the boundaries of sexuality.

Unlike the voyeuristic and retribution-filled setting of *Boogie Nights*, the underworld portrayed by the L.A.-based West and Glatzer—who met six years ago—is both simpler in approach and more complex in aim. One of the reasons

for the simplicity has to do with economics. As West, who is English, says, “The budget for the prosthetic in *Boogie Nights* was about equal to our entire camera and film budget. Our penis is real.”

But if you're looking for hard-core action, you'll have to rent West's other films, such as *Naked Highway* or *The Porno Picture of Dorian Gray*. (Glatzer's last movie was the 1994 indie feature *Grief*.) *The Fluffer* isn't porn, it's about porn. It explores the role of the fluffer on a porn set: He or she is the one who keeps the leading man hard.

*The Fluffer* is also a wry, intelligent look at narcissism

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WITH A STRAIGHT  
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and desire in our society, and West and Glatzer are serious filmmakers trying to appeal to everyone. They are adamant about not being marginalized in the "ghetto" of gay films. Sean (Michael Cunio), the main character in *The Fluffer*, embraces many characteristics of men struggling to come out; his desires both liberate and ensnare him. Sean directs his obsessions toward porn star Johnny Rebel (Scott Gurney), an image of macho male beauty, but the fact that Sean becomes the fluffer of his object of desire doesn't bring him any closer to a genuine connection. Meanwhile, Babylon, Johnny's stripper girlfriend, has to put up with Johnny's unwillingness to climax with her. (He's saving it for the set.) With the conflicts of this triangle, how can Sean hope to have a decent relationship?

It is the studly glamour of porn star Johnny that may interest people the most. Johnny is gay for pay, a representative of what West calls "the gray area of sexuality." He says, "I don't think you can say people like that are gay because they can't come out of a closet. I don't think you can say that they're fully straight, either, because they're earning a living doing something more transgressive than their identity would allow. And yet the label bisexual is problematic

because I don't think they would identify with that either."

Glatzer and West are interested in a world where people refuse to define themselves by a fixed identity, a world that is an integral part of the erotic industry. It is not uncommon, West says, for an actor on a set to be watching straight porn while having sex with a man. But is that an act, merely part of the performer's fear of being labeled?

"There is definitely some transgression going on," West says, "some pleasure in the person's mind when the act is occurring. Yet it doesn't go into their core identity of who they think they are. It confirms, rather, their identity as straight, so they can function without so many inhibitions about fucking a guy."

Glatzer adds, "To me, it's just a big old mystery. It's too easy to say that they're uptight or that they're gay and in the closet."

West offers another example of the blurry sexual spectrum. Troy Halston, he says, who starred in the director's *Naked Highway*, lives in the Midwest with his wife and two kids. In fact, his wife is his booker. Before he flies to Los Angeles to do a movie, she gets on the phone, calculator at the ready, and ticks off a list. "Will he be doing

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PORN IN MY SIDE: SCOTT GARNER PLAYS JOHNNY, THE OBJECT OF A FLUFFER'S AFFECTION.

“The budget for the prosthetic in *Boogie Nights*,” says *The Fluffer*’s codirector West, “was about equal to our entire camera and film budget.”

oral? Giving or receiving? Rimming?” Glatzer chips in another example: The actor who played a bottom in West’s *Taking the Plunge* used his earnings to pay for his honeymoon to Cancun.

According to the filmmakers, being a porn star, whether gay or straight, goes beyond the realm of regular exhibitionism into the upper reaches of narcissism. And the fluffer figure helps these performers feel like

sexual deities. But other professions, they insist, have this component too. In comedy clubs or rock concerts, the fluffer is the one who warms up the crowd for the big act. In real estate, the fluffer gets the house ready to show a client. And in a social situation, we are all capable of “fluffing” someone, to get what we desire. Let’s face it, the movie implies, everyone’s either fluffing or being fluffed. **ETHAN SILVERMAN**

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FORWARD ▶

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FROM LEFT: TALLIT (PRAYER SHAWL) AND TEFILIN (PHYLACTERIES) WORN BY ORTHODOX JEWS DURING WEEKDAY MORNING PRAYERS; RABBI STEVEN GREENBERG IN *TREMBLING BEFORE G-D*.

# Holygays

**Steven Greenberg, the country's only openly gay Orthodox rabbi—featured in a provocative new documentary—explains how he reconciles his sexuality with traditional doctrine.**

"I AM AN ORTHODOX RABBI, and I am gay." That is how I described myself in an article I wrote under a pseudonym for *Tikkun* magazine in 1993. Six years later I came out publicly in the Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv*. By that time I had come to believe there were sufficient resources within the Jewish tradition to support the claim that a person could actually be both gay and Orthodox.

Admittedly, it has been a bit easier for me to imagine this rather oxymoronic combination, partly because, for one thing, I didn't grow up Orthodox. My Conservative parents were completely confused when I adopted religious observance in my early teens. Fueled in part by a flight from my body, I embarked on a search for meaning that led me to a little synagogue a few blocks from my home in Bexley, Ohio. Unlike drugs and rock and roll (sex was not a consideration at this point), adopting Orthodoxy seemed like a truly signature form of adolescent rebellion. The English rabbi of the congregation arranged to study Talmud with me over tea and oranges on Shabbat (Sabbath) afternoons. I was charmed by this warm little

community and through it was introduced to a counter-culture with deep intellectual and spiritual moorings.

For many who grow up in Orthodox environments, the experience is often shaped less by intellectual and spiritual search than by social constraints. The social patterns of Orthodox life are thought of as inseparable from the religious principles, and so much of the familial and communal structure hinges on heterosexual expectation. When finally it becomes clear that we will not meet these expectations, that in fact we will transgress them, it becomes insufferable for most of us to stay.

A year ago a young doctor came to me for counsel. He was clearly depressed. His parents constantly hound him about going out and meeting women. When he visits his sister for Shabbat, he is constantly struck by the bustling household, the sounds of children playing, the wholeness of the life that he passionately desires and cannot have. At work he fantasizes about switching places with his patients who are dying of cancer. What I tell him, but what he cannot yet fathom, is that such a world only comes into exist-



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In the Orthodox community, homosexuality is usually thought of as a personality defect or a sexual addiction caused by the ills of secular society. It may happen elsewhere  
**“but not among us.”**



IN *TREMBLING BEFORE G-D*, AN ORTHODOX RABBI'S SON, MARK (LAST NAME WITHHELD), RETURNS TO JERUSALEM TO REVISIT ORTHODOX SCHOOLS HE HAD ONCE ATTENDED.

tence when it is willed into existence. The world he longs for depends upon a certain trust and confidence in his own experience, and then, enormous courage.

The first step toward making this brave and integrated world a reality comes from the simple telling of our individual stories. Very few in the Orthodox community have met or spoken to a gay Orthodox person. Homosexuality is usually thought of as a personality defect or a sexual addiction caused by the ills of secular society. It may happen elsewhere “but not among us.” When such Jews

encounter a gay person in their world, when someone they know comes out to them, it has an enormous power to change attitudes. However, since so few have had the courage to come out of the closet and yet stay inside the community, there has been little opportunity for Orthodox Jews to develop much empathy or understanding.

Sandi DuBowski has taken up this challenge in his new documentary, *Trembling Before G-d*. When he discovered the hidden world of Orthodox gay people, he began to seek out individuals who would agree to tell their stories on camera. Building trust took years, and finally a courageous few, some hidden and some out, agreed to be filmed. In its final form, the film follows seven individuals as they confront the profound dilemma of reconciling their love of Judaism with their gayness.

This past spring the film was shown to an interdenominational group of rabbis at a retreat. One of the Orthodox rabbis was enraged at what he felt was Orthodox bashing. By the end of the evening a Conservative colleague had come out to the group in tears, and this young Orthodox rabbi began to understand. He went back to his room and composed a sermon that night that he delivered on the following Sabbath to his congregation. He writes, “I felt a need to explain how I, as an Orthodox rabbi, could advocate living in a society whose laws can at times be used as a vehicle which inflicts pain on individuals who, by all other standards that we know of today, are entirely innocent and noble. And so I sat there and openly wept for the pain of these individuals and their families. These people are in many ways real heroes.” → (page 32)



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# MENT



DISTINCTLY SMOOTH



It appears, despite what we have been taught, that male-female coupling was not God's first or exclusive intent. Instead, what is built into the creation is just the human need for intimate companionship.



"MALKA" AND "LEAH," WHO APPEAR IN *TREMBLING BEFORE G-D* WITH THEIR FACES OBSCURED, MET AT AN ULTRAORTHODOX GIRLS SCHOOL IN BROOKLYN AND HAVE BEEN TOGETHER FOR 12 YEARS.

(continued from page 28)

When I told this story in San Francisco, someone piped up and challenged me. But what about the Bible? What about the law? I told her that rabbinic tradition is pretty wild and that she shouldn't underestimate it. She wanted an example.

There is a suggestion among the sages that when "adam" [the Hebrew word usually translated as *man*] was first created, it was not male but androgynous, a sort of pre-gender-split human being. We read later in Genesis that God, having created this total human, discovers that

it is lonely. "It is not good for the 'adam' to be alone" (Genesis 2:18). So begins the search for adam's partner. Oddly, the first solution to the problem of adam's loneliness is the creation of the animals. What is that about?

Rashi (Rabbi Shlomo Yitzhaqi), the famous medieval biblical commentator, has a most audacious suggestion. He explains that each of the animals was physically offered to adam but that none of them satisfied the need (literally, "cooled his spirit"). Rashi playfully portrays God as a matchmaker-creator struggling to fix adam up with the right companion. God has no preconceived notion of what adam needs. That is for adam to decide.

It appears, despite what we have been taught, that male-female coupling was not God's first or exclusive intent. Instead, what is built into the creation is just the human need for intimate companionship. Since "it is not good to be alone," we are all encouraged to seek out the mate that fits. And God waits, like an impatient parent, to be the first one to see us walking through the door beaming with the giddy excitement of love.

A week after I came out in the Israeli press, Sandi DuBowski called me up: "Mazel tov on your coming-out. Oh, and by the way, do you have room at your table for me and a friend?" "Of course," I said, "there's plenty." That friend is now my partner of two years. Not a shred of the world now around me could I have vaguely imagined eight years ago when I first strung together those two adjectives, *gay* and *Orthodox*. A new world is like that. It only begins to take shape when, like at the shores of the Red Sea, we imagine it already there, close our eyes, and walk. ■

FICTION



FASHION



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ENTERTAINMENT



EDITORIALS



HOROSCOPES

HUMOR



If it's gay and it's in, it's on

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Winter 2002

# Reviews



## The Fluffer

DIRECTED BY RICHARD GLATZER AND WASH WEST

Finally, a porn film with a plot. Only thing is, there's no real sex, and this isn't a porno flick. When Los Angeles newcomer Sean (Michael Cunio, above) isn't sticking labels on adult videos, the fresh-faced lad shoots arty scenes of his not-so-secret fantasy. Johnny Rebel, a gay-for-pay stud with 10 inches and an erection problem. Sean quickly proves more talented on his knees than behind the camera, stepping into the role of Johnny's "fluffer" (i.e., the one who gets him hard). This inside look at the adult film industry focuses on some very weighty adult issues (sexual identity, addiction, abortion) and features fine performances throughout. Everything you hoped *Boogie Nights* would be, only without the prostheses. **Doug Brantley**



## Trembling Before G-d

DIRECTED BY SANDI SIMCHA DUBOWSKI

Sometimes the most radical declaration gay people can make is the demand for inclusion by the conservative groups that condemn them most harshly. This is certainly true for the men and women featured in *Trembling Before G-d*, a beautifully executed documentary that explores the lives of lesbian and gay Orthodox Jews who are attempting—with varying degrees of success—to reconcile the claims of traditional religious practice with their sexual orientation. Some subjects appear in silhouette or with their faces obscured, others are identified only by first names (like David, above); they all evince an intense connection to religious and cultural traditions. A moving revelation of a world hidden until now. **Bruce Shenitz**



## King of the Jungle

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY SETH ZVI ROSENFIELD

It's hard to pan a film about a sweet, mentally retarded city kid (John Leguizamo, above) and the activist Latina lesbian couple (Julie Carmen, Rosie Perez) who spend their every waking moment caring for him. But noble subject matter only goes so far. Even the talented all-star cast can not sort out Rosenfield's obnoxiously gritty screenplay that never decides whether it's a probing look at the seamy urban "jungle" or a meaningful exploration of relationships. The resultant juggling leaves little time for character development, and on more than one occasion Leguizamo seems almost startled by some ludicrous plot twist that leaves him flailing (unintentionally) in the middle of an otherwise nuanced performance. **Jolyn Helterman**



## Chop Suey

DIRECTED BY BRUCE WEBER

Does a photograph reveal more about the person before the lens or the one behind it? Exploring both his inextricable ties to and incalculable distance from his subjects, noted photographer Bruce Weber offers up the trippy, poignant *Chop Suey*, a pastiche centered around a boy-man, model Peter Johnson (above, center), whom Weber has shot for years. But there's also footage of singer Frances Faye and interviews with Teri Shepherd, Faye's longtime lover; the story of professional surfer Christian Fletcher and his family, which unfolds with grace; and insights from Weber himself on what it all means. The interconnected, easily flowing montages create a moving rumination on the profound, blurred relationship between artist and subject. **Lanny Pugh**



## Punks

DIRECTED BY PATRIK-IAN POLK

When a film is billed as *Waiting to Exhale* meets *The Broken Hearts Club*, it's hard to expect much more than romantic angst, clichéd dialogue, and far too many exhalations of "Girlfriend!" But while *Punks*, which follows the lives and loves of four gay black men in West Hollywood, Calif., does have some problems with originality and predictability, first-time writer-director Polk elicits some honest performances from his cast and somehow creates a film both touching and diverting. Marcus (Seth Gilliam, above left) and his pathetic quest for true love with hot, straight Darby (Rockmond Dunbar, above right) is endearing. And as Marcus's wise and wounded friend Hill, Dwight Ewell is, well, fierce. **Ted Gidensee**

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As a new book reminds us, you don't have to be straight to love Lucy Ricardo.

WHEN I WAS A BOY, the best part of staying home sick from school was watching reruns of *I Love Lucy*. For 30 minutes I'd entirely forget about scratching my chicken pox or coughing up a lung while watching the antics of Lucy Ricardo. While I've always liked Lucy, it wasn't until I lived in New York that I discovered →

# We love Lucy

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY: LUCILLE BALL IN A 1968 PUBLICITY PHOTO





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TAKING A SPIN: (FROM LEFT) LUCILLE BALL, VIVIAN VANCE, DESI ARNAZ, AND WILLIAM FRAWLEY IN A 1956 *I LOVE LUCY* EPISODE.

## In some ways Lucy Ricardo was the perfect gay icon for the post-Stonewall generation.

I loved Lucy—and so did half of the other guys in Chelsea. For some gay men, loving Lucy is the closest they'll ever come to heterosexuality.

But no one loved Lucy more than my friend Danny. He was working as a temp in 1989 when Lucille Ball was admitted to the hospital for a ruptured aorta. And at the stuffy law firm where Danny worked, he talked endlessly about how devastated he would be if she died. On the morning of April 26, Danny received a telephone call

from his supervisor saying, "Danny, we don't want you to come in today. Lucy died. We're going to pay you, but we want you to stay home." Danny's the only gay man I know who's received a day of bereavement leave because the final curtain came down on his Hollywood idol. I suppose that will be the next right we try to secure after gay marriage and serving in the military.

Fifty years after the premiere of *I Love Lucy*, America's still celebrating its enduring love affair with Lucy. →

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maybe even death.

**You can prevent all this—so why don't you?**

The fact is, hepatitis is a very big deal. And men who have sex with men are at greater risk for hepatitis A and B. That's why the Gay and Lesbian Medical Association (GLMA), as well as the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), recommends you get vaccinated to prevent these 2 serious diseases.

**PROTECT YOURSELF!** See your doctor about vaccination today. For referral to a gay-friendly physician near you, call GLMA at 1-877-LGBTDOC or visit our Web site at [www.glma.org/hepatitis](http://www.glma.org/hepatitis)



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GAY BEST FRIEND: LUCY SHARES A MOMENT WITH SUPERFAN AND AUTHOR LEE TANNEN IN 1985.

*(continued from page 38)*

There's a Lucille Ball postage stamp. PBS has proclaimed her an American Master. And this month CBS is airing a special about her landmark sitcom. There's even a traveling road show, "The *I Love Lucy* 50th Anniversary Experience," where obsessed fans can reenact some of their favorite scenes; they can stomp grapes or work in a chocolate factory. But to the disappointment of many, getting pregnant by a Cuban bandleader isn't an option.

Recently out gay theater writer-director Lee Tannen wrote about his friendship with Lucille Ball during the last years of her life in his riveting book, *I Loved Lucy*. Lee could edge out my friend Danny for the title of the ultimate Lucy fan. He even brags about owning signed photos of Lucy from her 1974 movie musical, *Mame*—without making any disparaging comments about Lucy's singing. Lee even convincingly refutes the gay urban legend that she once slapped a stewardess. (Gay urban legends are always about celebrities. If a

gay man repeats the story about a woman drying her wet poodle in a microwave, he'll insist that woman was Faye Dunaway.) When I asked Lee why he thought Lucy was a gay icon, he said, "I don't think Lucille Ball is a gay icon. Lucy Ricardo is a gay icon. Lucy Ricardo was the underdog who was always trying to prove herself, and I think many gay men can identify with that."

In some ways Lucy Ricardo was the perfect gay icon for the post-Stonewall generation. She wasn't a tragic victim like Judy Garland; the only time Lucy Ricardo ever got plastered was when she swallowed too much Vitameatavegamin. Lucy Ricardo wasn't sharp-tongued like Bette Davis or a monster like Joan Crawford; she was beautiful and funny, and she was a comic victim of her red hair-brained schemes. Many gay men can identify with kooky ideas that always seem to backfire, like when a gay man in his 40s dyes his hair platinum blond.

But I think the main reason Lucy Ricardo is a gay icon is that *I Love Lucy* was truly romantic. In the insightful American Masters special *Finding Lucy*, show writer Madelyn Pugh Davis notes that one of the things that contributed to *I Love Lucy*'s success was that "Lucy and Desi really loved each other, and you can see that in the show."

One of television's most romantic moments occurred in the famous episode where Lucy has to tell Ricky she's pregnant. The show's head writer, Jess Oppenheimer, later recalled, "Lucy and Desi got to this point in acting out the script, and then this strange thing happened. Suddenly, they remembered their own real emotions when they discovered they were going to be parents, and both of them began crying and couldn't finish [the scene]." I recently watched this episode, and it's still deeply moving to see Desi passionately kissing and nuzzling the radiant and ecstatic Lucy.

Desi Arnaz once said, "*I Love Lucy* was never just the name of a television show," and the everlasting appeal of Lucy Ricardo for some gay men is that she's never going to lose the love of her man. No matter what Lucy did on the show, we always knew Ricky would continue to love her unconditionally. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz got a divorce, but the Ricardos will always remain the almost-perfect couple. The perfect couple would have been Lucy and Ethel as a pair of crazy lesbians. **BOB SMITH**

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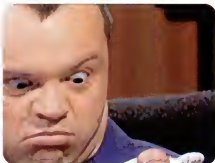
AGELESS: HORST'S 1942 PORTRAIT OF MARLENE DIETRICH. "I MADE THE LIGHT SOFTER AND ALL... THE WRINKLES DISAPPEARED," THE PHOTOGRAPHER SAID.

# The 4-H club

A stunning exhibition in Boston showcases two photographers who were devoted to glamour—and to each other.

GEORGE HOYNINGEN-HUENE, born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1900, and Horst P. Horst, born in Germany six years later, met in a Paris café in 1930. The older man was already the chief photographer for *Paris Vogue*. He introduced the German to the chicest artistic circles of the French capital, and in 1935, when he left *Vogue* after a contract dispute, Horst assumed his position at the magazine. Early in their relationship, the two men were lovers, and though the protégé outlived his mentor by more than three decades, dying in Florida in 1999, the creative imprint of those extraordinary early years was never quite effaced. →

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LOUNGE ACT: HORST'S 1965 PORTRAIT OF VERUSCHKA. THE PHOTOGRAPHER CAPTURED THE FAMOUSLY TALL MODEL'S EXOTIC QUALITIES.

*(continued from page 42)*

The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston celebrates the two men's work through January 6, in an exhibition titled "The Look: Images of Glamour and Style." Included are several of Horst's best-known celebrity images (Joan Crawford, Coco Chanel, Marlene Dietrich) and some of Hoyningen-Huene's classic fashion photographs: an Izod swimwear campaign, for instance—in which the male model is none other than Horst. →

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**INDICATIONS AND USAGE**

**PROCRIT®** (Epoetin alfa) is indicated for the treatment of anemia related to therapy with zidovudine in human immunodeficiency virus (HIV)-infected patients. PROCRIT is indicated to elevate or maintain the red blood cell level (as manifested by the hematocrit (HCT) or hemoglobin determinations) and to decrease the need for transfusions in these patients. PROCRIT is not indicated for the treatment of anemia in HIV-infected patients due to other factors such as iron or folate deficiencies, hemolysis or gastrointestinal bleeding, which should be managed appropriately.

**PROCRIT**, at a dose of 100 U/kg 3 times per week (TIW), is effective in decreasing the transfusion requirement and increasing the red blood cell level of anemia. HIV-infected patients treated with zidovudine, when the endogenous serum erythropoietin level is  $\leq 500$  mU/mL and when patients are receiving a dose of zidovudine  $\leq 200$  mg/week.

**CONTRAINDICATIONS**

**PROCRIT** is contraindicated in patients with:

- 1) Uncontrolled hypertension.
- 2) Known hypersensitivity to mammalian cell-derived products.
- 3) Known hypersensitivity to Albumin (Human).

**WARNINGS**

**Pediatric Use:** The multidose preserved formulation contains benzyl alcohol. Benzyl alcohol is known to be associated with an increased incidence of neurological and other complications in premature infants, which are sometimes fatal. PROCRIT therapy has not been linked to exacerbation of hypertension, seizures, and thrombotic events in HIV-infected patients.

**PRECAUTIONS**

The parental administration of any biologic product should be attended by appropriate precautions in case allergic or other untoward reactions occur (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). In clinical trials, while transient rashes were occasionally observed concurrently with PROCRIT therapy, no serious allergic or anaphylactic reactions were reported. (See **ADVERSE REACTIONS** for more information regarding allergic reactions.)

The safety and efficacy of PROCRIT therapy have not been established in patients with a known history of a seizure disorder or underlying hematologic disease (eg, sickle cell anemia, myelodysplastic syndromes, or hypercoagulable disorders). In some female patients, menses have resumed following PROCRIT therapy; the possibility of pregnancy should be discussed and the need for contraception evaluated.

**Hematology:** Exacerbation of porphyria has been observed rarely in patients with chronic renal failure (CRF) treated with PROCRIT. However, PROCRIT has not caused increased urinary excretion of porphyrin metabolites in normal volunteers, even in the presence of a rapid erythropoietic response. Nevertheless, PROCRIT should be used with caution in patients with known porphyria.

In preclinical studies in dogs and rats, but not in monkeys, PROCRIT therapy was associated with subclinical bone marrow fibrosis. Therefore, zidovudine-treated HIV-infected patients should have HCT measured once a week (QW) until HCT has been stabilized, and measured periodically thereafter.

**Delayed or Diminished Response:** If the patient fails to respond or to maintain a response to doses within the recommended dosing range, the following etiologies should be considered and evaluated: 1) Iron deficiency: Virtually all patients will eventually require supplemental iron therapy (see **Iron Evaluation**). 2) Underlying infectious, inflammatory, or malignant processes. 3) Occult blood loss. 4) Underlying hematologic diseases (a, thalassemia, refractory anemia, or other myelodysplastic disorders). 5) Vitamin deficiencies: folic acid or vitamin B12. 6) Hemolysis. 7) Aluminum intoxication. 8) Osteitis fibrosa cystica.

**Iron Evaluation:** During PROCRIT therapy, absolute or functional iron deficiency may develop. Functional iron deficiency, with normal ferritin levels but low transferrin saturation, is presumably due to the inability to mobilize iron stores rapidly enough to support increased erythropoiesis. Transferrin saturation should be at least 20% and ferritin should be at least 100 ng/mL.

Prior to and during PROCRIT therapy, the patient's iron status, including transferrin saturation (serum iron divided by iron binding capacity) and serum ferritin, should be evaluated. Virtually all patients will eventually require supplemental iron to increase or maintain transferrin saturation to levels which will adequately support erythropoiesis stimulated by PROCRIT.

**Drug Interactions:** No evidence of interaction of PROCRIT with other drugs was observed in the course of clinical trials.

**Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility:** Carcinogenic potential of PROCRIT has not been evaluated. PROCRIT does not induce bacterial gene mutation (Ames Test), chromosomal aberrations in mammalian cells, micronuclei in mice, or gene mutation at the hprt locus. In female rats treated intravenously (IV) with PROCRIT, there was a trend for slightly increased fetal wastage at doses of 100 and 500 U/kg.

**Pregnancy Category C:** PROCRIT has been shown to have adverse effects in rats when given in doses 5 times the human dose. There is no adequate and well-controlled study in pregnant women. PROCRIT should be used during pregnancy only if potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus.

In studies in female rats, there were decreases in body weight gain, delays in appearance of abdominal hair, delayed eyelid opening, delayed ossification, and decreases in the number of caudal vertebrae in the F1 fetuses of the 500 U/kg group. In female rats treated IV, there was a trend for slightly increased fetal wastage at doses of 100 and 500 U/kg.

**Nursing Mothers:** Postnatal observations of the live offspring (F1 generation) of female rats treated with PROCRIT during gestation and lactation revealed decreases

in body weight gain, delays in appearance of abdominal hair, eyelid opening, and decreases in the number of caudal vertebrae in the F1 fetuses of the 500 U/kg group. It is not known whether PROCRIT is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when PROCRIT is administered to a nursing woman.

**Pediatric Use:** See **WARNINGS**, Pediatric Use.

**Pediatric HIV-Infected Patients:** Published literature has reported the use of PROCRIT in 20 zidovudine-treated anemic HIV-infected pediatric patients ages 8 months to 17 years, treated with 50 to 400 U/kg subcutaneously (SC) or IV, 2 to 3 times per week (BIW to TIW). Increases in hemoglobin levels and in reticulocyte counts, and decreases in or elimination of blood transfusions were observed.

**Hypertension:** Exacerbation of hypertension has not been observed in zidovudine-treated HIV-infected patients treated with PROCRIT. However, PROCRIT should be withheld in these patients if preexisting hypertension is uncontrolled, and should not be started until blood pressure (BP) is controlled. In double-blind studies, a single seizure has been experienced by a patient treated with PROCRIT.

**ADVERSE REACTIONS**

Adverse events reported in clinical trials with PROCRIT in zidovudine-treated HIV-infected patients were consistent with the progression of HIV infection. In double-blind, placebo-controlled studies of 3-months duration involving approximately 300 zidovudine-treated HIV-infected patients, adverse events with an incidence of  $\geq 10\%$  in either patients treated with PROCRIT or placebo-treated patients were:

Percent of Patients Reporting Event: Event followed by Patients Treated With PROCRIT (N=144) first, Placebo-Treated Patients (N=153) second.  
Pyrexia 38%, 29%; Fatigue 25%, 31%; Headache 19%, 14%; Cough 18%, 14%; Diarrhea 16%, 18%; Rash 16%, 8%; Congestion, Respiratory 15%, 10%; Nausea 15%, 12%; Shortness of Breath 14%, 13%; Asthenia 11%, 14%; Skin Reaction (Administration Site) 10%, 7%; Dizziness 9%, 10%.

There were no statistically significant differences between treatment groups in the incidence of the above events.

In the 297 patients studied, PROCRIT was not associated with significant increases in opportunistic infections or mortality. In 71 patients from this group treated with PROCRIT at 150 U/kg TIW, serum p24 antigen levels did not appear to increase. Preliminary data showed no enhancement of HIV replication in infected cell lines *in vitro*.

Peripheral white blood cell and platelet counts are unchanged following PROCRIT therapy.

**Allergic Reactions:** Two zidovudine-treated HIV-infected patients had urticarial reactions within 48 hours of their first exposure to injectable medication. One patient was treated with PROCRIT and one was treated with placebo (PROCRIT vehicle alone). Both patients had positive immediate skin tests against their study medication with a negative saline control. The basis for this apparent preexisting hypersensitivity to components of the PROCRIT formulation is unknown, but may be related to HIV-induced immunosuppression or prior exposure to blood products.

**Seizures:** In double-blind and open-label trials of PROCRIT in zidovudine-treated HIV-infected patients, 10 patients have experienced seizures. In general, these seizures appear to be related to underlying pathology such as meningitis or cerebral neoplasms, not PROCRIT therapy.

**OVERDOSAGE**

The maximum amount of PROCRIT that can be safely administered in single or multiple doses has not been determined. Doses of up to 1500 U/kg TIW for 3 to 4 weeks have been administered to adults without any direct toxic effects of PROCRIT itself. Therapy with PROCRIT can result in polycythemia if the HCT is not carefully monitored and the dose appropriately adjusted. If the suggested target range is exceeded, PROCRIT may be temporarily withheld until the HCT returns to the suggested target range. PROCRIT therapy may then be resumed using a lower dose (see **DOSE AND ADMINISTRATION**). If polycythemia is of concern, phlebotomy may be indicated to decrease the HCT.

**DOSE AND ADMINISTRATION**

Prior to beginning PROCRIT, it is recommended that the endogenous serum erythropoietin level be determined (prior to transfusion). Available evidence suggests that patients receiving zidovudine with endogenous serum erythropoietin levels  $\leq 500$  mU/mL are unlikely to respond to therapy with PROCRIT.

**Starting Dose:** For adult patients with serum erythropoietin levels  $\leq 500$  mU/mL who are receiving a dose of zidovudine  $\leq 200$  mg/week, the recommended starting dose of PROCRIT is 100 U/kg as an IV or SC injection TIW for 8 weeks. For pediatric patients, see **PRECAUTIONS**, Pediatric Use.

**Increase Dose:** During the dose adjustment phase of therapy, the HCT should be monitored weekly. If the response is not satisfactory in terms of reducing transfusion requirements or increasing HCT after 8 weeks of therapy, the dose of PROCRIT can be increased by 50-100 U/kg TIW. Response should be evaluated every 4-8 weeks thereafter and the dose adjusted accordingly by 50-100 U/kg increments TIW. If patients have not responded satisfactorily to a PROCRIT dose of 500 U/kg TIW, it is unlikely that they will respond to higher doses of PROCRIT.

**Maintenance Dose:** After attainment of the desired response (ie, reduced transfusion requirements or increased HCT), the dose of PROCRIT should be titrated to maintain the response based on factors such as variations in zidovudine dose and the presence of intercurrent infectious or inflammatory episodes. If the HCT exceeds 40%, the dose should be discontinued until the HCT drops to 36%. The dose should be reduced by 25% when treatment is resumed and then titrated to maintain the desired HCT.

**STORAGE**

Store at 2° to 8°C (36° to 46°F). Do not freeze or shake.

ORTHOTEC

Manufactured by: Amgen Inc., US Lic. # 1080, Thousand Oaks, California 91320-1789  
Distributed by: Ortho Biotech Products, L.P., Raritan, New Jersey 08860-0670  
December 2000 638-29-979-95H

*(continued from page 44)*

FASHION FITNESS: HOYNINGEN-HUENE'S 1930 PICTURE "PUSH BALL" THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S STYLE WAS GREATLY INFLUENCED BY EDWARD STEICHEN.



TERRIER TOO: JUDY GARLAND  
AND FRIEND ALONG THE  
YELLOW BRICK ROAD

# The friend of Dorothy

A whimsical new book tells the shaggy-dog story of Miss Gale's canine sidekick, Toto.

ONCE UPON A TIME, somewhere under a rainbow, a little bitch gave birth to a foxy diva she named Terry. Before you hound us about spewing sexist epithets, know this: The bitch is of the four-legged, Cairn terrier variety. →



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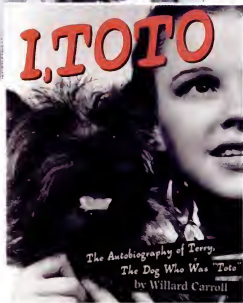


TYKES: JANE WITHERS (LEFT) AND SHIRLEY TEMPLE HOLD THEIR OWN WITH TERRY (A.K.A. TOTO) IN *BRIGHT EYES* (1934).

Actress and author Terry is better known as Toto, the adorable canine "friend of Dorothy" from MGM's *The Wizard of Oz*.

In her shocking new exposé, *I, Toto* (Stewart, Tabori, and Chang, \$19.95), Terry and her human cowriter, Willard Carroll (owner of the world's largest collection of *Wizard* memorabilia), offer more than just a bare-bones bio. *I, Toto*

shows us the female beneath the fur, an abandoned pup from Altadena, Calif., who met Hollywood trainer Carl Spitz and wagged her way to superstardom with costars like Shirley Temple, Spencer Tracy, and of course, Judy Garland. Get your paws on this biting funny, colorful book and take a nostalgic, behind-the-scenes walk with Terry down the yellow brick road. **RONNI RADNER**



TALL TAIL: TOTO INTERPRETER TERRY TELLS ALL WITH HELP FROM A TWO-LEGGED FRIEND, WILLARD CARROLL

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE WILLARD CARROLL COLLECTION. COURTESY OF THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES. THE ACADEMY FOUNDATION, MARGARET HERRICK LIBRARY (WITHERS AND TEMPLE); COURTESY OF STEWART, TABORI, AND CHANG (I, TOTO)



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# Reviews



## My Son Divine

FRANCES MILSTEAD with KEVIN HEFFERNAN and STEVE YEAGER · ALYSON, \$18.95

The loving tone of this biography is set in the very opening sentence: "It would have been impossible for me to ever have imagined the amazing journey my husband Harris and I were undertaking when the Lord sent our son Glenn to us...." It's difficult to reconcile this tone—utterly without irony—with the boisterous career of the Divine that we know and love from John Waters's camp classics. But the book is so suffused with unprecedented insights and details about the man who was Divine and the many people in his truncated life that those who love his movies—and who doesn't?—will find this book indispensable. **Tom Steele**



## Monster: Adventures in American Machismo

BRIAN BOULDEREY · COUNCIL OAK, \$22.95

Brian Bouldrey writes like the sitcom version of everybody's little brother: alternately smart-alecky, witty, and irksome. His essays chronicle the adventures of a self-proclaimed "sissy boy" on hetero-macho terrain. As he hunts, barbecues, and woofs at WWF wrestlers, Bouldrey depicts himself as a human antithesis to gay-male stereotyping. While relishing all things reeking of guy sweat, he still longs to redecorate the boxing gym he visits with "rough pine furniture and stiff billowy liners." Bouldrey's goofy sense of humor makes you laugh at your own stereotypes of masculinity. But when it gets too silly, you want to get the author in a headlock and administer a great big brotherly noogie. **Bob Moser**



## Edinburgh

ALEXANDER CHEE · WELCOME RAIN, \$25

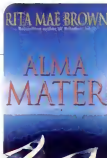
Sexual abuse of a teenage boy by an older man may well be the third rail of modern gay fiction, but Alexander Chee has courageously based his first novel on it. In this superb book, which won a major prize at the prestigious Iowa Writers' Workshop, Chee tells the story of Aphias (also known as "Fee") Zhe, a Korean-American who sings in a boys' choir while growing up in Maine. (The choir director doubles as the molester.) The book depicts Fee from adolescence to young adulthood as he navigates the currents of sexual and ethnic identity. The themes may sound a bit familiar, but the author's sharp-eyed observations and beautifully honed language make this an exceptional work. **Bruce Shnitz**



## Goddess

BARBARA VICTOR · CLIFF STREET/HARPERCOLLINS, \$26

On one hand, this unauthorized Madonna biography puts forth that Madonna "offered an unrealistic image that all lesbians are beautiful, successful, and feminine" and that "in dubious taste... she risks religious blasphemy." On the other hand, we get Father Gary Siebert saying, "What's sexier than a naked man on a cross?... There you have the near-perfect fantasy, a naked, utterly passive guy who's not going anywhere." Though Barbara Victor tries to laud Madonna's sexual liberation, she tends toward moralistic tones that read more like a *Ladies' Home Journal* column than savvy culture criticism. Victor's heavy reliance on Freudian psychobabble and self-congratulatory and anonymous sources further dampens the fun. **Chelsey Johnson**



## Alma Mater

RITA MAE BROWN · BALLANTINE, \$24

Victoria, bred to marry the quarterback, is struck by the cleavage of Chris, a transfer student to the College of William and Mary. Back home in rural Virginia, Vic's mom's got a drink for every hand; Dad just gambled all the money away; Aunt Bunny's hunting down her no-good, cheating husband at the car dealership; and the Wallace girls are ready to kill their father (and his pet cow) for a cream-colored Cadillac with sea-foam interiors. All the while Vic and Chris are enjoying the kind of sex you only get the first time around. *Alma Mater* is a positively joyful book that casts Brown's sunny Southern eye on even the most profound tragedy. You'll want to come out all over again. **Emily Drabinski**

# outsourcing

Your Essential Guide to Events+Promotions

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AIX Armani Exchange and *Out* proudly present **WHITE Out**—a benefit for the United Foundation for AIDS during Miami's White Party weekend. Enjoy an afternoon of shopping, socializing, and complimentary cocktails. Receive an exclusively designed AIX gift with every purchase over \$100 (while supplies last). AIX Armani Exchange redefines the basics...Armani Style. Redefine it for yourself at AIX South Beach.

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Winter 2002

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## SIN IS IN, SWEETIE

*Absolutely Fabulous*, the outrageous, groundbreaking Britcom, returns to Comedy Central with six completely new episodes. The original cast, including Jennifer Saunders and Joanna Lumley, updates *Ab Fab* for a new season of wicked fun, beginning Monday, November 12 at 9 P.M./8 P.M. Central. Visit [www.comedycentral.com](http://www.comedycentral.com) for details.





Living legend Cris Williamson bridges the musical generation gap with a new album and a growing friendship with the Butchies.

NOT BRINGING UP Cris Williamson's name when discussing "women's music" is like chatting about glam rock and neglecting to mention David Bowie.

Williamson and her contemporaries—Meg Christian, Vicki Randle, Margie Adam, and Holly Near, among others—could easily be considered the mothers of the women's music movement. These fearlessly feminist, independent women paved the way for today's female musicians, including Ani DiFranco, PJ Harvey, and Meshell Ndegeocello. "I take a lot of honor in being a pioneer for women's music; it's something I don't take lightly," Williamson notes humbly. →

# The changer changes



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# "I have half a mind to go talk to Madonna about folksinging—I just love what she's doing now!"

In 1975, when Williamson released her groundbreaking album *The Changer and the Changed* on then-new indie label Olivia Records, Melissa Etheridge was an awkward 14-year-old, Lilith Fair organizer Sarah McLachlan was a 7-year-old just starting to take piano lessons, and sullen chanteuse Fiona Apple wasn't even an apple in her mother's eye. But Williamson's influence is obvious in the music and attitude of today's crop of outspoken women musicians.

Even though we haven't heard much about Williamson lately—except news of her breakup with longtime romantic and musical partner Tret Fure—she hasn't gone away. In fact, she's back with a new album, *Ashes*, put out on her own label, Wolf Moon. *Ashes* is classic Cris Williamson: from the opening track, "Driving Wheel," to the album's last song, "The Crazies," Williamson's honey-rich vocals swallow whatever lies in their path. The new disc may draw comparisons to *The Changer and the Changed*, as the two recordings are obviously derived from the same source: pain.

After her relationship with Fure ended, Williamson says, her only chance of survival was to turn to what she knows best: music. As a result, *Ashes* is a workbook and a process and, without a doubt, Williamson's therapy. The new record is all about heartache and piecing life back together after a hefty blow. Williamson walks listeners through the sludge that love can dish out, but by the last few minutes of the recording, she's got us all junked up on something that smells very much like hope. Such universal themes have drawn the attention of dyke musicians of all ages.

The Butchies, who recorded a cover of Williamson's "Shooting Star" for their first album—*Are We Not*

*Femme?*—shared a stage with Williamson at this year's Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. Though only a year old when *The Changer and the Changed* was released, the band's singer and guitarist, Kaia Wilson, who is co-founder of independent record label Mr. Lady (whose roster includes Le Tigre, the Haggard, and Sarah Dougher as well as the Butchies themselves), has a deep appreciation for the connection younger musicians have with those who came before them.

"Because we love all the women who helped to pave the way for us—all the musicians, producers, Olivia Records—we really wanted to cover one of Cris's songs," Wilson says. " 'Shooting Star' is such a kick-ass song, and I kept listening to it, thinking, *Damn, this is a classic rock song. Let's do it!* You always see generations rebelling against other generations, but we don't want to do that—we're all part of this revolution, this fight. What [the Butchies] are doing is still women's music; it's just evolved and changed."

"The Butchies are like my children," Williamson says affectionately. "I'm nuts about them, and apparently they feel the same way about me—I know this because they are so open and willing to share their love. They respect their elders. But really, playing in Michigan with them, I found that being older wasn't a barrier to feeling included. I mean, I wasn't wheeled out onto the stage and introduced as Grandma or anything."

"Playing with the Butchies just goes to show how music is cyclical and how it just has its way with you," says Williamson. "I also have half a mind to go talk to Madonna about folksinging—I just love what she's doing now! Besides, I've always trusted people who have a space between their teeth." **PAM HUWIG**

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- COMBIVIR does not cure HIV infection/AIDS or prevent passing HIV to others
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- Make sure to see your doctor regularly because serious side effects can occur, such as muscle damage and a decrease in red and white blood cells
- A buildup of lactic acid in the blood and an enlarged liver, including fatal cases, have been seen
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Please see Brief Summary for COMBIVIR on the following page.

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# BRIEF SUMMARY

## COMBIVIR® Tablets (lamivudine/zidovudine tablets)

The following is a brief summary only; see full prescribing information for complete product information.

**WARNING: ZIDOVUDINE, ONE OF THE TWO ACTIVE INGREDIENTS IN COMBIVIR, HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH HEMATOLOGIC TOXICITY INCLUDING NEUTROPENIA AND SEVERE ANEMIA, PARTICULARLY IN PATIENTS WITH ADVANCED HIV DISEASE. PROLONGED USE OF ZIDOVUDINE HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH SYMPTOMATIC MYOPATHY. LACTIC ACIDOSIS AND SEVERE HEPATOMEGALY WITH STATOSIS, INCLUDING FATAL CASES, HAVE BEEN REPORTED WITH THE USE OF NUCLEOSIDE ANALOGS ALONE OR IN COMBINATION, INCLUDING LAMIVUDINE, ZIDOVUDINE, AND OTHER ANTIRETROVIRALS (SEE WARNINGS).**

**INDICATIONS AND USAGE:** COMBIVIR in combination with other antiretroviral agents is indicated for the treatment of HIV infection.

**Description of Clinical Studies:** COMBIVIR. There have been no clinical trials conducted with COMBIVIR. See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY for information about bioequivalence. One COMBIVIR Tablet given twice a day is an alternative regimen to EPVIR Tablets 150 mg twice a day plus RETROVIR 600 mg per day in combination.

**Lamivudine Plus Zidovudine:** The NUCRS007 (CASSAR) study was conducted using EPVIR 150-mg Tablets (150 mg b.i.d.) and RETROVIR 150-mg Capsules (2 x 100 mg b.i.d.) as a multicenter, double-blind, placebo-controlled study comparing continued current therapy (zidovudine alone (82%) of patients) or zidovudine with didanosine or zalcitabine (38% of patients) to the addition of EPVIR or EPVIR plus an investigational non-nucleoside reverse transcriptase inhibitor. At baseline, 12.1% of patients had HIV RNA levels of 1000 copies/mL or greater. At baseline, 22.0% of patients had CD4 counts of 350 cells/mm<sup>3</sup> or less. Mean age was 36 years, 87% were male, 84% were nucleoside-experienced, and 16% were therapy-naïve. The median duration on study was 32 months. Results are summarized in Table 1.

Table 1. Number of Patients (%) With At Least 1 HIV Disease-Progression Event or Death

| Endpoint                 | Current Therapy<br>(N = 460) | EPVIR plus<br>Current Therapy<br>(N = 460) | EPVIR plus<br>NRTTI plus<br>Current Therapy<br>(N = 460) |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| HIV progression or death | 90 (19.6%)                   | 86 (9.6%)                                  | 41 (8.9%)                                                |
| Death                    | 27 (5.9%)                    | 23 (2.6%)                                  | 14 (3.0%)                                                |

\*An investigational non-nucleoside reverse transcriptase inhibitor not approved in the United States

**CONTRAINDICATIONS:** COMBIVIR Tablets are contraindicated in patients with previously demonstrated clinically significant hypersensitivity to any of the components of the product.

**WARNINGS:** COMBIVIR is a fixed-dose combination of lamivudine and zidovudine. Ordinarily, COMBIVIR should not be administered concomitantly with either lamivudine or zidovudine.

The complete prescribing information for all agents being used with COMBIVIR should be consulted before combination therapy with COMBIVIR is initiated.

**Bone Marrow Suppression:** COMBIVIR should be used with caution in patients who have bone marrow compromise evidenced by granulocyte count <1000 cells/mm<sup>3</sup> or hemoglobin <9.5 g/dL (SEE ADVERSE REACTIONS).

Frequent blood counts are strongly recommended in patients with advanced HIV disease who are treated with COMBIVIR. For HIV-infected individuals and patients with asymptomatic or early HIV disease, periodic blood counts are recommended. **Lactic Acidosis/Severe Hepatomegaly with Steatosis:** Lactic acidosis and severe hepatomegaly with steatosis, including fatal cases, have been reported with the use of nucleoside analogues alone or in combination, including lamivudine, zidovudine, and other antiretrovirals. A majority of these cases have been in women. Obesity and prolonged nucleoside exposure may be risk factors. Particular caution should be exercised when administering COMBIVIR to any patient with known risk factors for liver disease; however, cases have also been reported in patients with no known risk factors. Treatment with COMBIVIR should be suspended in any patient who develops clinical or laboratory findings suggestive of lactic acidosis or pronounced hepatomegaly (which may include hepatomegaly and steatosis even in the absence of marked transaminase elevations).

**Myopathy:** Myopathy and myositis, with pathologic changes similar to that produced by HIV disease, have been associated with prolonged use of zidovudine, and therefore may occur in patients with COMBIVIR.

**PRECAUTIONS**

**Patients with HIV and Hepatitis B Virus Coinfection:** In clinical trials and postmarketing experience, some patients with HIV infection who have chronic liver disease had hepatic B virus infection. In clinical or laboratory evidence of recurrent hepatitis upon discontinuation of lamivudine. Consequences may be more severe in patients with decompensated liver disease.

**Patients With Impaired Renal Function:** Reduction of the dosages of lamivudine and zidovudine is recommended for patients with impaired renal function. Patients with creatinine clearance <50 mL/min should not receive COMBIVIR.

**Information for Patients:** COMBIVIR is not a cure for HIV infection and patients may continue to experience diseases associated with HIV infection, including opportunistic infections. Patients should be advised that the use of COMBIVIR has not been shown to reduce the risk of transmission of HIV to others through sexual contact or blood transfusion. Patients should be advised that the major function of COMBIVIR is to reduce the amount of HIV virus in the blood. They should be told of the extreme importance of having their blood counts checked closely while on therapy, especially for patients with advanced HIV disease. Patients should be advised of the importance of taking COMBIVIR as it is prescribed.

**Concomitant Use:** Concomitant use of antiretroviral agents, and other bone marrow suppressive or cytotoxic agents may increase the hematologic toxicity of zidovudine. See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY section of full prescribing information.

**Concomitant Use, Metagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility:** Concomitantly.

**Lamivudine:** Lamivudine from pharmacokinetic studies in mice and rats showed no evidence of carcinogenic potential at exposures up to 10 times (mice) and 58 times (rats) those observed in humans at the recommended therapeutic dose.

**Zidovudine:** Zidovudine was administered orally at 3 dosage levels to separate groups of mice and rats (80 females and 80 males in each group). Initial single daily doses were 30, 50, and 120 mg/kg per day in mice and 60, 225, and 600 mg/kg per day in rats. The doses in mice were reduced to 20, 30, and 40 mg/kg per day after day 90 because of treatment-related anemia, whereas in rats the only high dose was reduced to 450 mg/kg per day after day 91 and then to 300 mg/kg per day on day 278.

In mice, 7 late-appearing (after 19 months) vaginal neoplasms (5 nonmetastatic squamous cell carcinomas, 1 squamous cell papilloma, and 1 squamous papilloma) occurred in animals given the highest dose. One late-appearing squamous cell carcinoma occurred in the vagina of a middle-dose animal. No vaginal tumors were found in the lowest-dose group. In rats, 2 late-appearing (after 20 months), nonmetastatic vaginal squamous cell carcinomas occurred in animals given the highest dose. No vaginal tumors occurred at the low or middle dose in rats. In other drug-related tumors were observed in mice or rats.

At doses that produced tumors in mice and rats, the estimated drug exposure (as measured by AUC) was approximately 3 times (mice) and 24 times (rat) the estimated human exposure at the recommended therapeutic dose of 100 mg every 4 hours.

Two transplacental carcinogenicity studies were conducted in mice. One study administered zidovudine at doses of 20 mg/kg per day or 40 mg/kg per day from gestation day 10 through parturition and lactation with dosing continuing in nursing for 24 months postpartum. The doses of zidovudine employed in this study produced identical exposures approximately 3 times the estimated human exposure at recommended doses. After 24 months, at the highest dose, an increase in incidence of vaginal tumors was noted with no increase in tumors in the liver or lung or any other organ in either gender. These findings are consistent with results of the standard rat carcinogenicity study in mice, as described above.

A second study administered zidovudine at maximum tolerated doses of 12.5 mg/kg or 25 mg/kg (1,000 mg/kg nonpregnant body weight or 450 mg/kg of zidovudine in the body weight) to pregnant mice from day 12 through 18 of gestation. There was an increase in the number of fetuses in the lumb, and female reproductive tracts in the offspring of mice receiving the highest dose level of zidovudine.

It is not known how predictive the results of rodent carcinogenicity studies may be for humans.

**Immunogenicity:** Lamivudine plus lamivudine was negative in a microbial mutagenicity screen. In an *in vitro* cell transformation assay, it microtubule inhibitors, and in an assay for unscheduled DNA synthesis in rat liver it was mutagenic in a 1:51,781:1 (v/v) mouse lymphoma assay and clastogenic in a cytogenetic assay using human lymphocytes.

**Zidovudine:** Zidovudine was mutagenic in a 1:51,781:1 (v/v) mouse lymphoma assay, positive in an *in vitro* cell transformation assay, clastogenic in a cytogenetic assay using cultured human lymphocytes, and positive in mouse and rat micronucleus tests after repeated doses. It was negative in a cytogenetic study in rats given a single dose.

**Impairment of Fertility:** Lamivudine in a study of reproductive performance, lamivudine, zidovudine, and zalcitabine and female rats at doses up to 130 times the usual adult dose based on body surface area considerations, revealed no evidence of impaired fertility (except by conception rates) and no effect on the survival, growth, and development to weaning of the offspring.

**Zidovudine:** Zidovudine, administered to male and female rats at doses up to 7 times the usual adult dose based on body surface area considerations, had no effect on fertility judged by conception rates.

**Pregnancy:** Pregnancy Category C.

**COMBIVIR:** There are no adequate and well-controlled studies of COMBIVIR in pregnant women. Reproduction studies with lamivudine and zidovudine have been performed in animals (see Lamivudine and Zidovudine sections below). COMBIVIR should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefits outweigh the risks.

# COMBIVIR® Tablets (lamivudine/zidovudine tablets)

**Lamivudine:** Reproduction studies with orally administered lamivudine have been performed in rats and rabbits at 130 and 60 times, respectively, the usual adult dose (based on relative body surface area) and have revealed no evidence of teratogenicity. Some evidence of early embryonic loss was seen in the rabbit at doses similar to those given to humans at the adult dose and higher, but there was no indication of this effect in the rat at orally administered doses up to 130 times the usual adult dose. Studies in pregnant rats and rabbits showed that lamivudine is transferred to the fetus through the placenta.

**Zidovudine:** Reproduction studies with orally administered zidovudine in the rat and in the rabbit at doses up to 500 mg/kg per day revealed no evidence of teratogenicity with zidovudine. Zidovudine treatment resulted in embryonic lethality as evidenced by an increase in the incidence of fetal resorptions in rats given 50 or 450 mg/kg per day and rabbits given 500 mg/kg per day. The doses used in the teratology studies resulted in peak zidovudine plasma concentrations (after one-half of the daily dose) in rats 66 to 235 times, and in rabbits 12 to 87 times, mean steady-state peak plasma concentrations (after one-half of the daily dose) achieved with the recommended daily dose (100 mg every 4 hours). In an additional teratology study in rats, a dose of 3000 mg/kg per day (very near the oral median lethal dose in rats of 3653 mg/kg) caused marked maternal toxicity and an increase in the incidence of fetal malformations. The dose resulted in peak zidovudine plasma concentrations 350 times peak human plasma concentrations. No evidence of teratogenicity was seen in the experiment at doses of 600 mg/kg per day or less. Two rodent carcinogenicity studies were conducted (see Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility sections).

**Antiretroviral Pregnancy Registry:** To monitor maternal-fetal outcomes of pregnant women exposed to COMBIVIR and other antiretroviral agents, an Antiretroviral Pregnancy Registry has been established. Physicians are encouraged to register patients by calling 1-800-258-2823.

**Nursing Mothers:** The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention recommend that HIV-infected mothers not breastfeed their infants to avoid risking potential transmission of HIV infection.

**COMBIVIR:** Zidovudine is excreted in breast milk (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics). Nursing Mothers: Subsection of full prescribing information; however, no data are available on COMBIVIR or lamivudine. Therefore, there is a potential for adverse effects in nursing infants. Mothers should be instructed not to breastfeed if they are receiving COMBIVIR.

**Pediatric Use:** COMBIVIR should not be administered to pediatric patients less than 12 years of age because of a fixed-dose combination that cannot be adjusted for this patient population.

**Genetic Use:** Clinical studies of COMBIVIR did not include sufficient numbers of subjects aged 65 and over to determine whether they respond differently than younger subjects. In general, dose selection for an elderly patient should be cautious, reflecting the greater frequency of decreased hepatic, renal, or cardiac function, and of concomitant disease or other drug therapy. COMBIVIR is not recommended for patients with impaired renal function (i.e., creatinine clearance <50 mL/min, see PRECAUTIONS: Patients with Impaired Renal Function and DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION).

**ADVERSE REACTIONS:**

**Lamivudine Plus Zidovudine Administered As Separate Formulations:** In 4 randomized, controlled trials of EPVIR 300 mg per day plus RETROVIR 600 mg per day, the following selected clinical and laboratory adverse events were observed (see Tables 2 and 3).

| Table 2: Selected Clinical Adverse Events (>5% Frequency) in 4 Controlled Clinical Trials With EPVIR 300mg/day and RETROVIR 600mg/day |                                        |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Adverse Event                                                                                                                         | EPVIR plus RETROVIR (N = 251)          |
| Body as a whole                                                                                                                       | Headache 35%                           |
|                                                                                                                                       | Nausea, fatigue 10%                    |
|                                                                                                                                       | Fever or chills 10%                    |
|                                                                                                                                       |                                        |
| Digestive                                                                                                                             | Nausea 33%                             |
|                                                                                                                                       | Diarrhea 18%                           |
|                                                                                                                                       | Nausea and vomiting 16%                |
|                                                                                                                                       | Anorexia and/or decreased appetite 10% |
|                                                                                                                                       | Abdominal pain 9%                      |
|                                                                                                                                       | Abdominal cramps 9%                    |
| Nervous system                                                                                                                        | Dyspepsia 12%                          |
|                                                                                                                                       | Neuropathy 11%                         |
|                                                                                                                                       | Insomnia or other sleep disorders 11%  |
|                                                                                                                                       | Dizziness 10%                          |
|                                                                                                                                       | Headache or dizziness 10%              |
|                                                                                                                                       |                                        |
| Respiratory                                                                                                                           | Nasal signs & symptoms 20%             |
|                                                                                                                                       | Cough 18%                              |
| Skin                                                                                                                                  | Skin rashes 9%                         |
|                                                                                                                                       |                                        |
| Musculoskeletal pain                                                                                                                  | Musculoskeletal pain 12%               |
|                                                                                                                                       | Myalgia 8%                             |
|                                                                                                                                       | Arthralgia 5%                          |
|                                                                                                                                       |                                        |

Pancreatitis was observed in 3 of the 656 adult patients (0.5%) who received EPVIR in controlled clinical trials.

Selected laboratory abnormalities observed during therapy are listed in Table 3.

| Table 3: Frequency of Selected Laboratory Abnormalities Among Adults in 4 Controlled Clinical Trials of EPVIR 300mg/day plus RETROVIR 600mg/day* |                           |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Test (Abnormal Level)                                                                                                                            | EPVIR plus RETROVIR % (n) |
| Neutropenia (ANC <750/mm <sup>3</sup> )                                                                                                          | 7.2% (237)                |
| Anemia (Hgb <8 g/dL)                                                                                                                             | 2.5% (24)                 |
| Thrombocytopenia (platelets <50,000/mm <sup>3</sup> )                                                                                            | 0.4% (24)                 |
| ALT (>5.0 U/L)                                                                                                                                   | 3.7% (24)                 |
| AST (>5.0 U/L)                                                                                                                                   | 7.9% (24)                 |
| Bilirubin (>2.5 U/L)                                                                                                                             | 0.6% (24)                 |
| Amylase (>2.0 U/L)                                                                                                                               | 4.2% (72)                 |

ULN = Upper limit of normal.

ANC = Absolute neutrophil count.

n = Number of patients assessed.

\*Frequencies of these laboratory abnormalities were higher in patients with mild laboratory abnormalities at baseline.

**Observed During Clinical Practice:** In addition to adverse events reported from clinical trials, the following events have been identified during post-approved use of EPVIR and RETROVIR. Because they are reported voluntarily from a population of unknown size, estimates of frequency cannot be made. These events have been chosen for inclusion due to a combination of their seriousness, frequency of reporting, or potential causal connection to EPVIR and/or RETROVIR.

**Endocrine and Metabolic:** Hypoglycemia.

**General:** Sensitization reactions (including angioedema), vasculitis.

**Hepatobiliary Tract and Pancreas:** Lactic acidosis and hepatic steatosis (see WARNINGS), pancreatitis.

**Neurologic:** Muscle weakness, CNS depression, myofasciitis.

**Hemolytic:** Hemolysis.

**Skin:** Alopecia, erythema multiforme, Stevens-Johnson syndrome, urticaria.

**OVERDOSAGE:**

**COMBIVIR:** There is no known antidote for COMBIVIR.

**Lamivudine:** One case of an adult ingesting 6 grams of lamivudine was reported. There were no clinical signs or symptoms noted and hematologic tests remained normal. It is not known whether lamivudine can be removed by peritoneal dialysis or hemodialysis.

**Zidovudine:** Acute overdoses of zidovudine have been reported in pediatric patients and adults. These involved exposures up to 50 grams. The only consistent findings were nausea and vomiting. Other reported occurrences included headache, dizziness, drowsiness, lethargy, confusion, and a report of a grand mal seizure. Hematologic changes were transient. All patients recovered and no adverse effects appear to have a negligible effect on the removal of zidovudine while elimination of its primary metabolite, GZDV, is enhanced.

**DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION:** The recommended oral dose of COMBIVIR for adults and adolescents (at least 12 years of age) is 1 tablet (150 mg of lamivudine and 300 mg of zidovudine) twice daily.

**Dose Adjustment:** Because it is a fixed-dose combination, COMBIVIR should not be prescribed for patients requiring dosage adjustment such as those with reduced renal function (creatinine clearance <50 mL/min) or those experiencing dose-limiting adverse events.

Lamivudine is manufactured under agreement from Boehringer Pharma Inc. Laval, Quebec, Canada.

US Patent Nos. 5,047,407; 4,818,538; 4,828,638; 4,724,232; 4,833,130; 4,837,208; 5,859,021 and 5,905,002.

October 2000/RL 674

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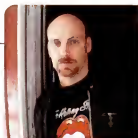
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# Reviews



## MOREL Queen of the Highway

YOSHITOSHI

Richard Morel has remixed Pet Shop Boys, Depeche Mode, and New Order; collaborated with house innovators Deep Dish; and appeared on a zillion club mix compilations with last year's growling homophobia indictment, "True (The Faggot Is You)." Also known as remixer Pink Noise, Morel eclipses those achievements with a pointedly queer dance-rock song cycle that grafts the trashy tuneful glamour of *Diamond Dogs*-era David Bowie onto Underworld's hallucinatory electronic orchestrations. Fragments of unrequited longing, rogue sex, and tough guardian angels collide with dark, queasy hooks to create literate disco sleaze for the post-circuit romantic. **Barry Walters**



## CINDY BULLENS Neverland

ARTEMIS

Savvy *Grease* fans may remember a young Cindy Bullens singing "Freddie, My Love" on the movie soundtrack, but then Bullens faded into relative obscurity, releasing only three albums in more than 20 years. Between albums, Bullens married and divorced, lost her daughter to cancer, and fell in love with a woman. On *Neverland*, Bullens returns with bittersweet, road-weary tales of a woman who has been to hell and back and learned a whole lot about life on the bumpy ride. Songs like the spare, honest "Send Me an Angel" (with guest vocalist Emmylou Harris) and the rebellious, Stones-y "Sensible Shoes" position Bullens as a harder-rockin' Lucinda Williams with more true grit. **Ronni Radner**



## THE FROGS/EVENING PRIMROSE Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

NONESUCH

This is the first complete recording of two formative musicals 27 and 34 years after their original productions. Nonesuch employs the talents of no less than Nathan Lane, Brian Stokes Mitchell, and Davis Gaines in *The Frogs*. Theresa McCarthy's wistful reading of "I Remember" from *Primrose* is just right. Sondheim's trademarks resonate: intricate melodic lines, rhythmic restlessness, infinitely clever lyrics, a certain plaintiveness. While these works may not enter the pantheon of your 10 favorite Sondheim musicals, this disc nonetheless belongs in your collection. **Tom Steele**



## SARAH DOUGHER The Bluff

MR. LADY

Sarah Dougher's third record inspires all sorts of contradictory descriptions: steely vulnerability, prickly warmth, complex restraint. Most of the songs navigate the minefields of a with-or-without-you relationship, and the openly lesbian Dougher is too smart to succumb to simple resolutions and clichés: "You know I'm not a kid, don't expect me to feel / Anything I don't think is real," she sings, and indeed, she tackles longing and frustration with honesty and metaphors that ring true. Collaborators like utility player Jon Nikki and Sleater-Kinney drummer Janet Weiss add rich, precise detail to a record whose loveliness only increases with each listen. **Chelsey Johnson**



## VARIOUS ARTISTS Brand New Boots and Panties: A Tribute to Ian Dury

GOLD CIRCLE

If an artist's relevance is tantamount to the caliber of artists on his tribute CD, then Ian Dury—one of England's weirdest cult heroes—is as relevant as they come. None other than Paul McCartney tips his hat to the pub-rock legend, who died last year from colon cancer, with "I'm Partial to Your Abracadabra," a title that gives an idea of Dury's derelict charm and Cockney-dipped wordplay. Also featured: Dury disciples Billy Bragg, Shane MacGowan, and Robbie Williams as well as Catatonia's former front babe Cerys Matthews, whose "If I Was With a Woman" begs for heavy rotation at a lesbian dive near you. **Smith Galtney**

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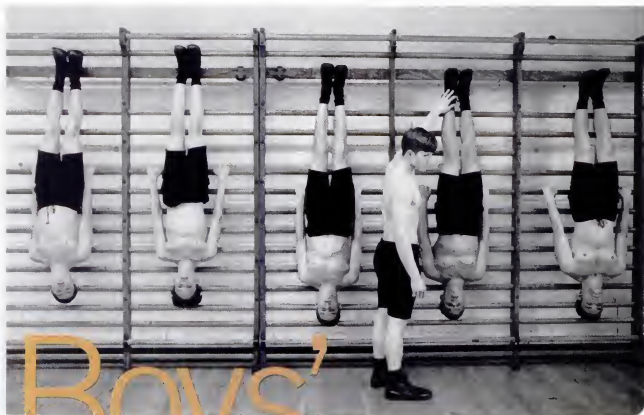
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# Boys' life

**An evocative new photography book and exhibition re-create sensual yet innocent scenes of small-town Americana.**

"THE REAL BOY WHO HAS THE RIGHT KIND of stuff in him is always panting for something to do," writes Luke Smalley in the introduction to *Gymnasium*, the collection of his photos that has just been published by Twin Palms. In Smalley's world that something involves athletics: His young subjects, residents of small Pennsylvania and Ohio towns near his home, throw footballs, leap over hurdles, and vie for takedowns.

For 12 years Smalley has re-created athletic poses from a bygone era, soliciting the viewer's yearning for a sunny, pre-television, pre-adult universe that appears inimitably American. It is the world of model boys—sensual yet innocent—that has been satirized by Mark Twain and celebrated by Bruce Weber. Smalley is a celebrant, and his photos, which are also the subject of an exhibition at New York's Wessel + O'Connor Gallery through November 25, capture the grunts and groans of young athletes straining joyfully—and boyfully—for victory. ■



# Voices

Bill Hayes E.J. Graff Michael Musto



## Bad Blood

In the wake of the September 11 terrorist attacks, many gay men were shocked to learn that they still can't donate blood. San Francisco essayist Bill Hayes provides an in-depth report on this arbitrary policy.

I NEVER BOTHERED TO JOIN THE LONG LINES of Americans giving blood at the Red Cross, hospitals, and other facilities following the September 11 terrorist attacks on our country. I never called (800) GIVE-LIFE to inquire about donating a pint or two of my own. Not that I was unwilling or uncaring. It's just that I had made that mistake before. →

Q:

Where can you read about a gay icon who threw a spoonful of vanilla ice cream across her New York Plaza suite when asked about her rumored affair with a female cabaret singer?

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(continued from page 64)

When a call went out for blood donors here in the Bay Area during fall of last year—Urgent Need! Critical Shortage!—on TV news and in the papers, I thought, Yeah, sure, I'll give blood. I'm perfectly healthy. Needles don't scare me. Blood either. A citizen's duty to donate blood was instilled at home, school, and church in Spokane, Wash., where I grew up. It was a patriotic gesture, like voting, only young people could also do it. In fact, in my wallet I still carry my Spokane blood bank donor card—"Type A, Rh+"—issued when I was 16. At 40, however, I only keep it on me now should I ever need blood in a medical emergency, not because I regularly give it.

The last time I tried donating was in 1984 during an employee blood drive at a large Seattle company. Together with coworkers, I lined up outside the humming bloodmobile in the parking lot and was at last ushered inside. As I sat to fill out the standard form, my eye fell upon a question I'd not seen before, one directed at men: "Have you ever gone down on a guy?" Well, that may not have been the exact wording, but the message was clear. *Why, yes, I have*, I thought, with none of the nascent pride that, in a more intimate situation, might have accompanied this declaration. (I wasn't out to my boss, who was capable of scaring me into stunned silence first thing Monday mornings with "So, didja get any snatch this weekend?") Perplexed at first, I quickly gathered that they were screening for gay men who might have HIV, which seemed sensible, given the cases transmitted through blood products and the lack of a blood test to prevent such accidents. Still, I felt unaccountably ashamed of myself. Suddenly squeamish at the sight of blood, or so I claimed, I returned the form, covered my unbandaged arm, and slipped back into the office with a purloined glazed doughnut as phony proof that I'd gone through with it.

Since blood banks began using the ELISA HIV test (which detects antibodies to the virus) on all donated blood shortly after it was introduced in 1985, thereby effectively "cleaning up" the United States' blood supply, I'd assumed that the restriction on gay men had been eased. I myself had tested for HIV half a dozen times since then and always had come up negative. During last fall's blood shortage, I was ready to roll up my sleeve again. But I soon learned that the restriction, which remains in force today, is now even more narrow and punitive.

As countless well-intentioned gay men discovered in September, under current Food and Drug Administration rules

all potential male blood donors are asked if they've had sex, even once, with another man since 1977, the year identified as the start of America's AIDS epidemic. If the answer is yes, regardless of whether the sex was safe or the partners HIV-negative, he is barred for life from donating blood. It just so happens that my first homosexual encounter was in 1977 at age 16; even if I'd sworn off men right then, I still couldn't give blood today. To be considered a qualified, healthy donor, a gay man needs to have been celibate for the past 24 years, a prerequisite that leaves me pondering: Can a guy who's not had sex in almost a quarter century rightly be called "healthy"?

While I accept that gay men are, de facto, a high-risk donor group, the ban still strikes me as arbitrary, unscientific, and inconsistent. Straight men who've had unprotected sex with a prostitute, for instance, are "deferred" from giving blood for only one year after that encounter. The FDA counters that they simply have no solid data on HIV infection rates among gay men who've abstained from sex for a year or more—the kind of data they presumably have on straight johns. Also, the donor screening questionnaire doesn't inquire about unsafe sex or multiple partners, which would be a better way to distinguish who's most at risk for HIV—male or female, gay, lesbian, straight, or bisexual. Under current policies, a woman who's had unprotected anal sex with numerous partners (HIV status unknown) could donate blood, while a young, HIV-negative gay man who's had nothing but safe sex could not. Of course, as experts have noted, quizzing people about their sexual histories isn't foolproof. People don't tell the truth or may not know if they've put themselves at risk. And with practices such as oral sex, there isn't consensus about what is 100% safe. Ultimately, the best test is blood testing itself, and today, three different HIV tests are performed on all donations—the ELISA, plus HIV antigen and nucleic acid tests, the latter two effectively detecting the virus itself right after infection. If done correctly, these tests are accurate.

I am hardly alone in viewing the ban as, at best, outmoded. Like many people, gay and straight alike, San Francisco Board of Supervisors member Mark Leno finds it blatantly discriminatory and has fought to change it for almost two years. Supervisor Leno told me recently that back in January 2000 he gathered six men like himself—gay and HIV-negative—alerted the media, and appeared at the Masonic Avenue branch of the Blood Centers of the Pacific. On-camera, standing → (page 72)

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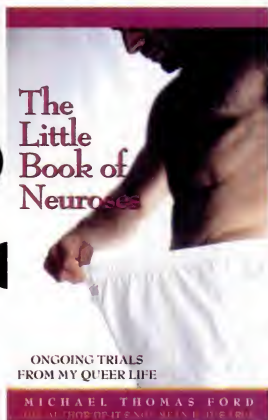
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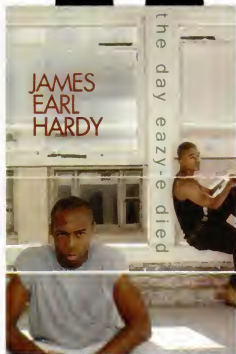


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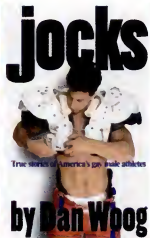
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**Gay Men, Straight Jobs** by Dan Woog From firemen to loggers, TV anchormen to judges, these long-form studies of gay men, engaged in professions that on the surface might seem unfriendly to their presence, prove that gay men are not only everywhere but that they no longer check their identity at the door. \$14.95

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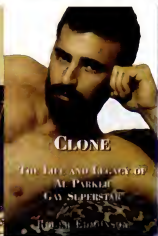
**Celebrity** *The Advocate* Interviews, Vol. 1 by Judy Wiedner Ellen DeGeneres, Mark Wahlberg, Barbra Streisand, and Melissa Etheridge are just a few of the superstars who share compelling revelations and insights with *The Advocate's* editor in chief, Judy Wiedner, in this remarkable collection, complete with gorgeous photographs by the world's top photographers. \$21.95

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**Endangered Species** by Louis Bayard "A nearly pitch-perfect tragicomedy," raved *The New York Times* of Louis Bayard's hilarious and heartfelt second novel, which tells the story of a young gay man in Washington, D.C., who gives himself one year to father a child. \$13.95

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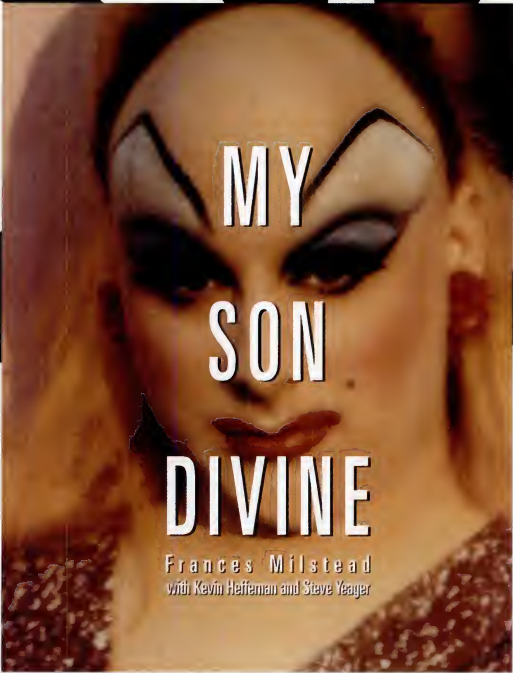
**Mr. Right Is Out There** by Kenneth D. George Looking for love and finding only duds? Well, maybe your approach is wrong. This best-selling guide for gay men steers you on the path to a strong, sexy, and long-lasting love. \$13.95

**Just a Mom** by Betty DeGeneres "Her warmth, straightforward simplicity, and loyalty to her family make this an excellent book for parents striving to be reconciled with their gay children." —*Booklist*. \$12.95

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**Keep Singing** *Two Mothers, Two Sons, and Their Fight Against Jesse Helms* by Patsy Clarke and Eloise Vaughn Moving and inspiring, this true story of two mothers who went head-to-head with one of America's most powerful politicians over his homophobic stance against AIDS funding gives a new face to the fight against intolerance and hatred. \$13.95





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To be considered a qualified, healthy donor, a gay man needs to have been celibate for the past 24 years, a prerequisite that leaves me pondering: Can a guy who's not had sex in almost a quarter century rightly be called "healthy"?

*(continued from page 66)*

on the blood bank's steps along with its administrator, Leno called for a change in the policy.

What do you call a protest without a confrontation? Un-news-worthy? Well, no, for this story held a twist: "Even the administrator himself agreed that it was a foolish policy," Leno recalled. "She was frustrated too. The ban shrinks the available donor pool when instead we need to expand it"—especially now, as additional groups are restricted due to fears of mad cow disease. According to the American Red Cross and America's Blood Centers, which together represent virtually all U.S. blood banks, many facilities routinely have less than a day's supply on hand and can't meet hospital demands, particularly as more patients than ever require large amounts of blood for heart and cancer surgeries, organ transplants, and other procedures. Leno's office did an analysis that showed that if just one in 12 HIV-negative gay men donated regularly, their annual contribution would represent a full third of the blood needed every year by the nation's hospitals. Joining forces with the Blood Centers of the Pacific and numerous medical experts, Leno helped lobby for a change in the FDA's policy on gay donors. But the Red Cross fought hard against it. And when it came up for vote in September 2000, the FDA's advisory panel voted 7-6 to uphold the ban indefinitely.

Soon after, I spoke with FDA medical officer Andrew Dayton, who defended the agency's position. "We have a strong congressional and public mandate for zero error," he explained. "If we change the policy and something happens, it's a very big issue. We have to be ultraconservative."

I absolutely understand that great precaution must be taken with our blood supply, but what made sense in 1985 no longer does, given the triple testing done on donated blood. I also

know that a few pints of my blood won't make a big dent in the country's deficit, but I believe the ban perpetuates an early-AIDS-era myth that the blood of gay men is different, dirty, or intrinsically bad. It's reminiscent of the period in the 1940s and '50s when hospitals segregated blood by race.

A friend has suggested that the gay ban may give me an inkling of how people with HIV—my partner, Steve, who has AIDS, among them—may sometimes feel: alien, a danger to others, by virtue of their blood alone. At first I rejected this notion as oversimplified; there's a vast difference between not being allowed to give blood and dealing every day, as Steve does, with a life-threatening disease. But now I do think there's something to it. According to FDA rules, it really is quite simple: My blood's as bad as his.

For as long as I've known him, Steve has had little choice other than to give his blood, three to five vials' worth subjected to a panel of tests, sometimes monthly. Going in for "blood-work" and then for the results a few weeks later has always been a joint ritual, in which I drive the car and provide companionship, though obviously the toll of these tests is far greater on Steve than on me. It's still nerve-racking, but thankfully, we've come a long way from the time when the results were so grim his doctor stopped testing his blood altogether.

Prior to this, Steve had regularly had his blood drawn at a SmithKline Beecham lab near his doctor's old office. He stopped using this lab in 1994, and we didn't give it another thought until one day two years ago when I brought in the mail, which included a special-delivery packet from the blood lab.

"Nothing good ever comes by certified mail," Steve muttered, frowning, as he tore open the manila envelope and pulled out the bad news: a letter from SmithKline Beecham's president, dated May 27, 1999. In essence, the letter stated, it was discovered that a

corporate shark

teddy bear

Hennessy. Mix accordingly.



phlebotomist who had worked at the lab Steve frequented had reused needles from blood draws. The woman admitted to doing this "occasionally," thereby possibly exposing uninfected patients to HIV, hepatitis, and other illnesses. (It is unclear whether her actions were intentionally criminal or inexplicably ignorant, although her criminal trial later this year should provide some answers.) Records showed that Steve might have been one of her patients, the letter suggested; she wasn't named, so Steve wasn't sure himself. Those who wished to get tested for HIV could do so and receive counseling at SmithKline Beecham's expense.

While the letter was addressed to Steve, it wasn't written to patients such as him, I noticed. It never mentioned, for instance, that the phlebotomist, by reusing needles, could have exposed HIV-positive patients to mutated strains of the virus. It is not just HIV that can be passed on but an infected person's entire drug resistance history. Through reinfection, a patient already low on treatment options could be left with none. Steve put the letter aside and dug up his SmithKline Beecham records, finding he had used the lab 18 times.

The investigation of the phlebotomist became a sensational local news story: Reports focused chiefly on the possibility that uninfected patients had been exposed to HIV, which was neither inappropriate nor surprising: Even if they weren't infected, there would be grounds for lawsuits for their emotional distress. But Steve helped me to see the other side—the perspective of a man whose blood could have been the source of infection for another, or even for many others, making him feel like an accessory to crimes he'd been powerless to stop.

"The idea of someone treating my blood so carelessly..." he said, pausing to steady his words. Then his eyes narrowed, as if he was sinking into a sorrow deep within. "The possibility of my HIV infecting someone else is horrifying to me."

Even the idea of being given his own blood is a little troubling. When Steve had to have major surgery in 1998, he was instructed to have several units of his blood drawn beforehand. This left him bemused and incredulous. "Once I have my blood taken out of me, I don't really want it put back in," he told me with a wry laugh. "I'd rather have your blood."

Steve's perspective on this topic underlines a final, important point that's been all but lost in reports about the ban on gay blood donors. If the policy were changed, the biggest danger would not be a new risk but an old one: the mishandling of HIV-

infected blood by blood bank workers—releasing rather than disposing of it. Even today, with the gay ban in place, about 10 units of infected "straight blood" (my phrase) are accidentally released for use every year, causing two or three HIV infections. Andrew Dayton of the FDA told me, "The problem is not the large blood banks but smaller blood collection facilities, typically in hospitals, which don't have the staff or automated equipment. They do it manually and have the highest risks of error."

When I asked what the FDA is doing to reduce such errors, Dayton said, "It's not quite clear what direction to take." He was unequivocal, however, that "it's important to keep high-risk donors from even giving a unit of blood."

The ban on gay donors conceivably could change, he conceded, if specific research were done. "What we're lacking is data on seroprevalence rates—frequency of HIV infections—in men who haven't had sex with another man for one year versus five years versus 23," he explained. "I think that if we got results that said rates are virtually the same as the general population, then there's the answer right there. That would put an end to the question."

While the FDA has encouraged the Centers for Disease Control and the National Institutes of Health to organize such studies, Dayton added, none are currently planned, nor is there funding to support them. Even if data were presented and the policy changed, the best-case scenario would likely be a five-year deferral for gay men following their last sexual encounter, still far beyond what's required for other groups. In my case, I would never qualify as a blood donor so long as I'm with Steve—and definitely not so long as he has AIDS. And neither of those realities will change.

When we fell in love 11 years ago, friends were dying of Kaposi's sarcoma, *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, and toxoplasmosis, all of which can now be prevented or treated. And while protease inhibitors certainly extend lives, they contribute to new health problems—pancreatitis, heart disease, and kidney or liver failure. Overtaxed organs finally just give out. Should Steve ever get that sick, I would give my life for him, by which, in practical terms, I mean that I'd donate spare parts of my living body—a kidney or half a liver, whatever he needed. And I could—there is no restriction against healthy, HIV-negative gay men donating organs. The final irony is, were I to die today, I could literally give Steve my heart, yet when it comes to blood—such a simple, plentiful gift—I am not allowed. ■



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## QueerLikeUs

When transgendered people entered the LGB movement, lesbian feminist E.J. Graff didn't think they belonged there. After delving into tranny politics, she changed her mind. Why?

WHEN DID YOU FIRST HEAR the word *transgendered*? Think carefully—I'd bet it was within the past five years. And yet suddenly transgendered folks are everywhere: *Boys Don't Cry* and *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*, *Ally McBeal* and *The Drew Carey Show*, from battles over the language of the Employee Non-

Discrimination Act to lawsuits over whether a boy can wear a dress to school. That's because during the 1990s a new transgender identity started to form and grow at warp speed. It's an identity that grew from the ashes of mid-20th-century transsexuality, was drawn out of isolation by the Internet, and gained

hope and direction by watching the '90s success of the lesbian and gay movement.

*Transgendered* is a blurry umbrella term that's been taken up by an unlikely array of allies: cross-dressing heterosexual truck drivers; transsexuals who may or may not opt to alter their genitals; dykes thrown out of women's rest rooms for their masculinity; high school queens bashed for wearing nail polish and makeup. Increasing numbers of queer young people and lesbian activists identify more strongly as transgendered than as gay. In gathering under the new "trans" banner, they're saying that they're tired of being made to suffer because they're too masculine or too feminine for their sex.

My first reaction to the trans emergence was annoyance. I couldn't see why trans people wanted to muscle in on the few inches of ground that feminists, lesbians, and gay men had so painstakingly won for ourselves. But after spending some time studying our intertwined histories, the overlapping hatreds aimed at transies and homos, and the political approaches growing out of the transgender emergence, I've changed my mind. Now it seems obvious that what transies and homos have in common by far overshadows our differences, just as our enemies believe. And the political efforts and rhetoric coming out of the trans branch of the queer world strike me as perhaps the best way to advance us all.

Once upon a time, what identified you publicly as queer was not the sex you had but the sex you appeared to be. Historian George Chauncey has shown us that fin de siècle fairies were regarded as such as much for their rouge and frippery as for their (bottom) sex; tops were seen as the real men who'd take pleasure anywhere—"sodomy" itself being no more or less sinful than other extramarital fornications. Things were similar for women: Stephen, the stone butch heroine of Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, was an invert, while her femme girlfriend was "normal"—and so could be saved by an actual (today's transgendered folks would say "genetic") man. That analysis fell away as Freud colonized the popular mind and Westerners started to define themselves less by how they were gendered and more by which sex they desired. The invert and the fairy disappeared; *hetero* and *homo* became the 20th-century poles of sexual identity.

The medical establishment busied itself by sorting us into new taxonomies of perversion. By mid century, homos, who wanted to have sex with others of the same sex, were carefully distinguished from transsexuals, who wanted to have a body of

a different sex (which would presumably make them heterosexual), who were carefully separated from cross-dressers, who merely wanted to wear the clothes of a different sex (while remaining safely heterosexual). Get it? Nobody else did either, except the doctors—because in practice, gender identity and sexual desire aren't so easily separable. The really notable effect of the newly defined gender/desire tracks was that it divided the queer community, separating us from each other. Queers found themselves choosing among the available slots according to which desire was more internally pressing: the homo desire or the desire to be regendered. Through the '50s and '60s, as lesbians and gay men were beginning to scrape together a homo-based sociopolitical movement, genderqueers who were overwhelmed by the discomfort of their bodies (primarily, males who wanted to be women) were tracked into an experimental medical protocol that forced them into silence.

To get gender identity clinics to admit them, transsexual candidates had to tell a tightly prescribed story: I'm a woman trapped in a man's body, never liked my penis, can't wait to wear gingham and serve meat loaf to my man every night. Once in, they were counseled in the most sexist stereotypes of womanhood: After graduation they were told to live by a code of silence—changing pronouns (sound familiar?) when talking about the past and telling no one except a potential spouse that they'd once been differently sexed. Academic doctors were too interested in their patients' complete and "successful" disappearance into the woodwork of womanhood (hence the tranny slang *woodworking*, the equivalent of the homo *closeted*) to let transsexuals actually build a community to support each other—or define their lives and genders for themselves.

In regular life, of course, many genderqueers kept living as homoqueers in a world that didn't make the same fine distinctions as did the good doctors. Police raiding gay bars singled out butches and queens for attack—resulting, at the end of the increasingly politicized '60s, in the now-mythic eruption at the Stonewall bar with its chorus line of drag queens alongside the penny-loafer crowd.

Ironically enough, that's when our queer family began to split up. As years of underground homo organizing became visible, lesbian and gay communities developed the cartoonishly exaggerated pride common to groups that have long been kicked around. Gay men started butchering it up like little Ken

## When individuals come out as transgendered they're often treated much like gay folk were 40 years ago: stripped of their jobs, brutalized on the street, disowned by their families, harassed by police, left to die by paramedics.

dolls, proving belatedly to their childhood tormenters that they weren't sissies after all but real men who wanted other real men (nelly queens need not apply). Early radical feminism in all its earnest and romantic wackiness shaped a new lesbian culture that snubbed butches as "male-identified," rejected dillos as evil and retrograde, and held cervix-gazing events like the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival that refused to let men enter even our word. It was a phase of exaggerated separatism, a separatism that celebrated homoqueerness and enforced a different kind of gender conformity than had our childhoods.

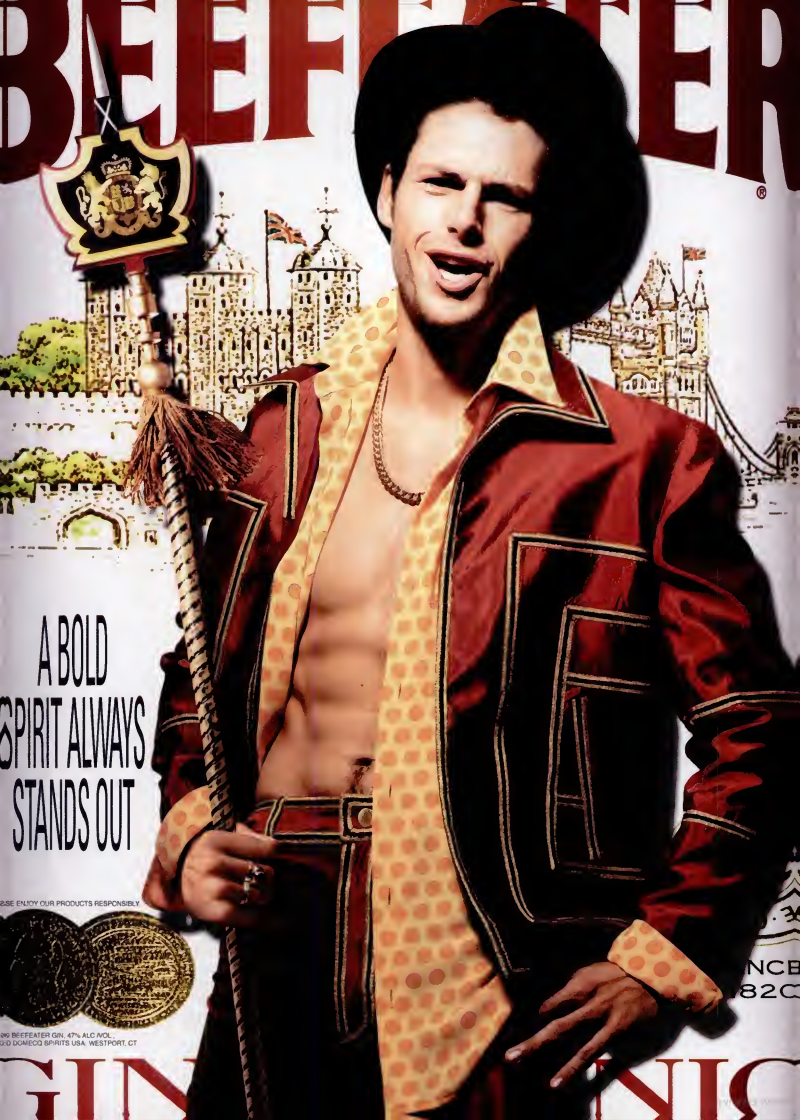
But as one branch of the family was becoming ecstatically visible, another branch was experimenting with invisibility because medicine was offering to help it disappear into the mainstream. Our identities were once again as separate as they had been for the fairies and their sailors. This split was most painful for those who stood right on the fault line: gay male queens no longer welcome in Castro-clone bars; butches in their bindings, flattops, and irony-free ties, or male-to-females (MTFs) of any description, unwelcome in the tightly prescribed world of lesbian-feminist androgyny.

But a series of changes led to the regrouping and reuniting of those identity refugees under the new label *transgendered*. The word itself was coined early on by Virginia Prince, a heterosexual married cross-dresser. Prince, who was born male and lived as female without surgery, invented the word as a way to identify herself as neither homosexual nor transsexual—making it especially ironic that the word has expanded to include both.

The first change was the collapse of transsexuality's uniform

code of silence. A few MTFs decided that the medical narrative was nonsense—that in becoming women they hadn't lost their desire for women. When that handful tried to find political solidarity (and dates) among lesbians, it triggered a political earthquake; lesbian feminists split furiously over whether to admit MTFs to women-only events. What was the definition of *woman*? Who was feminism for? These, it turned out, were central questions—and no one agreed on the answers. Like Jews who had flocked to Israel for politically incompatible reasons, lesbians had been building a refuge whose principles no one could agree on. The MTF debates were just the beginning of many such skirmishes over the female and feminist credentials of others, including butches, femmes, and S/M practitioners. Eventually lesbians gave up policing each other's feminist credentials—but, unfortunately, news of this internal political shift didn't make it out to the MTF transwomen themselves, whose intimate sense of injury still simmers as a strain of anti-gay anger in transgender politics today.

Second, the gender identity clinics' protocol for sex reassignment collapsed under the weight of its own hubris. In 1979 an infamous paper appeared in the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, written by Jon Meyer, the head of the Johns Hopkins Gender Identity Clinic, and his secretary, Donna Reter, purporting to show no advantage to sex-reassignment surgery. MTFs who'd been unhappy before The Operation, in other words, were still unhappy afterward. Although the data was found to be methodologically flawed, the real flaw was hidden in full view. If you had to lie about your entire life, might that itself not make you just a teensy bit unhappy? Nevertheless, in the wake



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of the report, Johns Hopkins's and most of the other gender clinics closed. Transsexuality didn't go away, of course. But people who wanted to alter their bodily sex had to seek surgical and hormonal interventions from individual doctors rather than from a clinic that asked them to swallow an entire theory first—leaving them to figure out the meaning of their queerly gendered desires without a script.

Then came a shot heard round the transsexual world. In 1987, Sandy Stone—an MTF sound engineer who'd left the lesbian feminist Olivia Collective due to separatist outrage—wrote an article titled "The 'Empire' Strikes Back: A Posttranssexual Manifesto." Stone called for an identity that didn't parrot the "trapped in the wrong body" line. It was time, she argued, to admit that transnians weren't exactly the same as born-men or born-women and urged people to discuss their real, gender-crossing lives as people who were just a little bit...queer.

Once Stone seeded the clouds with this radically obvious idea, the heavens opened and it began to pour. Transsexuals, cross-dressers, and other gender deviants started to talk about not ever quite fitting their assigned boxes, with or without hormones or surgery or makeovers. Support groups, resource centers, magazines, and conferences mushroomed, provoking discussions of identities that would have made the gender docs cringe. Maybe you could be a full-on surgery-and-all transsexual and stay queerly married to your legal spouse. Maybe you could "transition"—switch your name, clothes, and public identity to that of the other sex—without genital reconstruction, as genderqueers had before medicalization. Maybe—and this was essential for political activism—you didn't have to "woodwork" but could be transgendered for all to see.

By the mid '90s the Internet had arrived—and spread these new ideas like wildfire. Unlike the transsexual pioneers, many of the newly emerged "transgendered" had plenty to lose: They were people safely rooted in jobs, families, and communities. And lose they did. When individuals come out as transgendered they're often treated like gay folk were 40 years ago: stripped of their jobs, brutalized on the street, harassed by police, left to die by paramedics. Horror stories abound: the Chicago cross-dressing man whose face was smashed into a telephone pole by strangers and was left for hours in the ER, only to be rushed into emergency surgery when he went to a different hospital the next day. The transitioning MTF who,

working in a South Dakota government facility, occasionally had "accidents" because someone locked her out of the only bathroom she was permitted to use. The female-to-males (FTMs) denied health coverage by providers who define every fever or scrape as somehow related to their (excluded) transsexuality. The transwomen who, when they step outside New York's lesbian and gay community center to smoke, are regularly jailed for "soliciting." These are the ordinary stories of indignity and distress—so ordinary, they don't hit the news.

Now, add insult to injury. Just as the transgendered community was beginning to gather, lesbians and gay men were striding into visibility and respectability. Remember the '90s? Suddenly, it seemed the whole country was talking about homos: gays-in-the-military, Hawaii's same-sex marriage lawsuit, Melissa's babies, Ellen's coming-out episode, and so much more. Corporations and the media started treating us respectfully, and power brokers were answering activists' calls. And genderqueers—who were more likely to be fired, attacked, or murdered than the rest of us—were furious at being left behind. They were furious that "gender identity and expression" weren't included in proposed hate-crimes statutes or nondiscrimination laws at the federal, state, or local level. They were furious that Brandon Teena's 1993 murder—the first trans murder given national media attention—was covered by Donna Minkowitz at *The Village Voice* as that of a confused or passing lesbian, not as a transman. That the 1993 march on Washington and the 1994 Stonewall 25 march in New York looked like Gap ads—no genderqueers in sight. That the nation went into mourning over the murder of Matthew Shepard but barely gave a paragraph's attention to the murders of transgendered people like Debra Forte and Chanelle Pickett and Rita Hester and so many more [see sidebar on page 82].

The need to educate homos gave the nascent transgender community an organizing focus, a target for its first two major political actions. First came Camp Trans. After owners of the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival expelled a transwoman in 1991, lesbian and transsexual supporters protested outside the festival's gates in 1992. Second was the trial of Brandon Teena's murderers in 1995. About 15 transgendered people converged on Falls City, Neb., where they picketed the courthouse. These were the first public demonstrations organized by and for transgendered people. Almost nobody else

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noticed—but trans people themselves were electrified that they had stood up. Helped by the Internet, street activism spread fast: vigils for murdered transgendered people, protests when a gay paper referred to a dead transwoman as “he.” Those efforts were given a big boost by the success of the lesbian-made movie *Boys Don’t Cry*, which made Brandon Teena arguably the most famous FTM cross-dresser since Joan of Arc—and finally portrayed a transgendered life not as a joke or a psychosis (remember *The Silence of the Lambs*?) but as a nearly classical and very contemporary tragedy.

Trans activism has, since then, expanded like the universe after the big bang. Today, every major national lesbian and gay organization as well as most local ones give at least lip service to trans inclusion; each of the four major lesbian and gay legal organizations has someone dedicated to trans issues. Do we really belong together politically? I think we do. To most people there’s only a short slide from Will to Jack to Priscilla, Queen of the Desert: Our community’s finely parsed distinctions are invisible to the straights. When in 1999 the man who “randomly” murdered trans activist Tacy Ranta was asked why he had shot “that lady,” his accomplice replied, “That was no lady; that was a faggot.” And he was right—trannies are faggots like us. Is someone really a male heterosexual cross-dresser if, in a dress, he answers to “Courtney” and has sex with men? Is someone “heterosexual” if he was born female but masculinized his face and body via testosterone and breast removal yet still has a vagina and sleeps with women? Or are such people something a little more...queer?

And just as trannies are faggots like us, most homos are transgendered like them: schoolmates, family, friends, coworkers, and strangers often find us a little too masculine or too feminine for our sex. Like Tacy Ranta, none of us—lesbian, gay man, FTM, MTF, and in-between—can ever really be sure which part of our queerness is under attack at any given moment. Are 10-year-old sissies and 6-foot-6 transwomen called “faggot” because of their presumed sex lives or because they’re an unfamiliar mixture of girl and boy? Legislators and judges who don’t like trannies also don’t like homos; if we can educate them on one queerness, they usually get the other. If we want hate-crimes laws and nondiscrimination laws, we better be sure those laws cover everything about us—both our sexual orientations and our gendered appearance—that’s queer. ■

## Day of Remembrance

IN NOVEMBER 1998, LESS than two months after the murder of Matthew Shepard, trans Webmistress Gwen Smith heard about the death of Rita Hester, an MTF strangled in her bedroom in a working-class neighborhood of Boston. To Smith this sounded numbingly like the murder of Chanelle Pickett almost exactly three years earlier, less than five miles away. But when Smith mentioned Chanelle in a trans chat room, nobody else knew the name.

Grieved that trans dead were so quickly forgotten, Smith started a Web site called “Remembering Our Dead” ([www.gender.org/remember](http://www.gender.org/remember)), where she listed every trans-related death she and others could document. To the shock of the trans community, she quickly found that people were dying at the rate of at least one a month because someone didn’t like how they were gendered. Sometimes they were stabbed or shot or strangled. Sometimes medical personnel refused to help them or stood

by laughing. The steadily increasing numbers—today, more than 200 names are listed on the site—pushed activists to do something more. Says Smith, “I don’t like feeling that, any given month, it could be me, it could be a friend of mine. I really would like to not have to consider when I wake up one morning that there will be that call on my machine.”

And so on November 28, 2000, the commemoration leaped from virtual to live. In 14 cities around the country, from Albany, N.Y., to Tucson, Ariz., trans activists marked a Day of Remembrance by holding candlelight vigils, speak-outs, and memorial services. San Francisco’s was attended by more than 100 people, including out city supervisor Mark Leno and other politicians. Events for November 28, 2001, are planned in still more cities (see details at [www.gender.org/remember/day](http://www.gender.org/remember/day)). According to Smith, “The Day of Remembrance has two functions: keeping memory and anger alive and making sure these people didn’t die for nothing.” ■



VICTIMS OF HATE: BRANDON TEENA (LEFT), SUBJECT OF *BOYS DON'T CRY*; FRED MARTINEZ JR., MURDERED IN COLORADO IN JUNE.

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# Rosie Perez

Michael Musto talks with the Brooklyn-born actress about her conservative upbringing, her nervous costar, and her new movie's lesbian lip lock.

The owner of the most distinctive voice in the movies, Rosie Perez wanted to be a marine biologist, but instead found herself making waves in Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing*, 1993's *Fearless* (for which she was nominated for an Oscar), and now *King of the Jungle*, written and directed by her husband, Seth Zvi Rosenfeld. Cracklir! Rosie plays the girlfriend of a woman (Julie Carmen) facing a personal crisis.

**Musto:** Welcome to the world of lesbian roles. Was this your first?

**Perez:** It was the first one that made it to the screen. I was supposed to play lovers with Amanda Peet in this movie called *J.A.M.* [at the Sundance Film Lab], but I met my husband there, so I jumped films. The director ended up using Michelle Rodriguez.

**Wait—**are you and Michelle really the same type?

I don't think so. They think there's only a handful of us. Rosie Perez, Michelle Rodriguez—same thing. *King of the Jungle* is so dark and gritty, it would be wonderfully appropriate if there was much drama on the set. Was there? Julie Carmen freaked out a little. When

we were leading up to the big kiss, she was like, "Oh, my God, my kids are gonna see this?" I asked her why she chose the role. She said, "Why did you do it?" I said, "My husband wrote it." She said, "What does *that* say?" In other words, your husband wrote you as a pothead lesbian. [Laughs] I never thought about it like that. I told Seth, "Do you think I'm a lesbian?" He said, "I don't know, are you? It would make things interesting."

**This is good.** What happened when tongues were finally exchanged?

Julie was apprehensive, but I said, "You're my woman, and it's in the script," and we went for it. Seth yelled, "Cut," and she goes, "Oh, my God, there's no difference in kissing Rosie. It's like kissing a boy." I said, "I don't know if that's a compliment or an insult." She said, "No, it's fine. Let's do it again!"

**Another convert! How did onlookers react?** It stopped traffic. I've been on the street kissing gorgeous male costars and no one stopped. It made me feel so self-conscious, and people were laughing and saying, "Oh, shit, Rosie's a dyke." My husband said, "Are you all right? You're shaking." And I thought, *Is this what they go through?*

**Sadly, it is. What's the extent of your gay past?**

My aunt, who raised me, had so many gay friends. A 16-year-old seeing that, it becomes the norm. When older people started telling me it's wrong, they confused me. I started thinking, *Am I wrong for thinking there's nothing wrong?* I'd go to church and pray, thinking I'd go to hell for being their friend.

**It turns out there's very little difference between the stereotyping of gays and that of Latinos, right?**

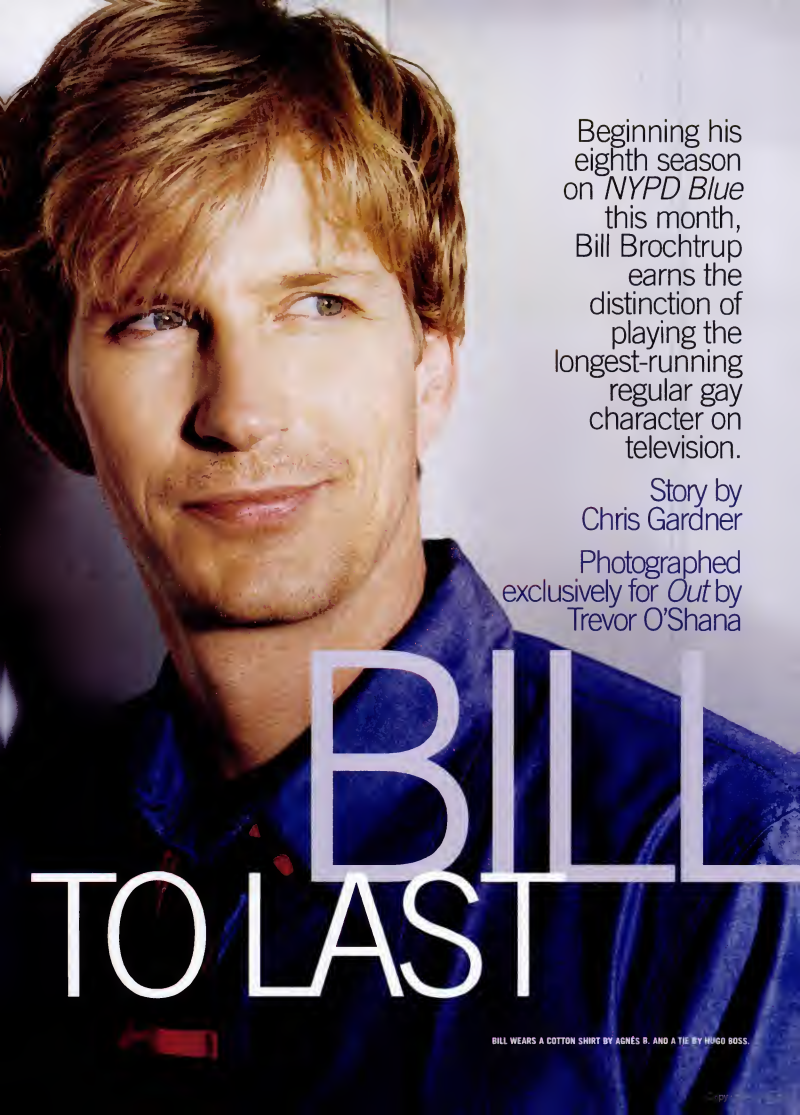
Time changes; people don't. They say so many Latinos are taking over the industry. Name 10 Latin actresses—you can't. Um, Rita Moreno... But you're breaking the mold with your cameo in *Riding in Cars With Boys*.

Penny Marshall said, "Rosie, do me a favor. You gotta play this trailer park character—she's white." That's a change! By the way, I'm really doing Penny in the role, but she doesn't know it. You could probably play just about anything, without even gender restrictions. I think I can conjure up the balls to play a man.

**That's two of us! ■**

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A woman in a red dress is kneeling and holding a martini glass, proposing to a woman in a black dress who is sitting on a stool. The woman in red is looking up at the woman in black with a joyful expression. The woman in black is looking back at her. A bottle of SKYY Vodka is visible in the foreground on the right. The background is a dark, textured wall.



Beginning his eighth season on *NYPD Blue* this month, Bill Brochtrup earns the distinction of playing the longest-running regular gay character on television.

Story by  
Chris Gardner

Photographed  
exclusively for *Out* by  
Trevor O'Shana

# BILL TO LAST

BILL WEARS A COTTON SHIRT BY AGNÈS B. AND A TIE BY HUGO BOSS.

**B**ILL BROCHTRUP HAS THE PERFECT LEVEL of fame. As a fixture in the front room playing gay assistant John Irvin on ABC's *NYPD Blue* (which returns this month for its ninth season), he's recognizable, but at the same time he's not the kind of TV star who's hunted by the paparazzi. He goes to Hollywood parties and pitches in for charities such as the G.I.-entertaining USO (see accompanying story for details), but he doesn't come across as a limousine-riding, red carpet-strutting kind of guy. He hangs with an industry crowd of writers, directors, casting hands, and other actors, but he doesn't frequent the Four Seasons, the Skybar, or the Whisky—any of those typical L.A. scenes where celebrities can be spotted. In fact, one of his favorite haunts is the very unglamorous, down-home West Hollywood diner the Silver Spoon, where the wait staff know him by name.

"I love this place," says Brochtrup as he scans our section of "the Spoor" while tending to an omelette and too many cups of coffee to count. It's a Sunday morning, and all of the booths in the immediate vicinity are occupied by breakfast patrons over the age of 65, not your common Hollywood clique. "They all look like they've been bused in from someplace—I love it."

The statement only makes the 38-year-old out actor seem even more real and down-to-earth—characteristics not normally attributed to an actor, especially a successful one who has lived and worked in Los Angeles since the mid 1980s. But then again, Brochtrup isn't one to follow the pack. "I don't want to be the norm," he admits, "or fulfill that stereotype of the flaky blond actor. I want to defy expectations."

And that's exactly what he's done on *NYPD Blue*—at least as far as Det. Andy Sipowicz, played by Dennis Franz, is concerned. When in 1994, at the end of the show's second season, Brochtrup started as the quirky Irvin, tough guy Sipowicz didn't exactly welcome the new gay temp with open arms. In fact, during Brochtrup's early days on the show, it was a big step for Sipowicz to shake "gay John's" hand. Now there is a camaraderie between the characters, and last season even saw Brochtrup's character baby-sit Sipowicz's son. "In the scope of our little television world, it's really amazing that he would come from being that kind of guy to be the kind of guy who would let me baby-sit his son, Theo [Austin Majors]," says Brochtrup, who has also appeared in numerous films, including *Ravenous*, a 1999 feature in which his costar was Guy Pearce.

"I love our stuff together," beams Franz. "I had even suggested, 'Let's go further with this.' I think a lot of times, Sipowicz's character is the eyes of the audience. The whole journey has been a very interesting one on several levels, but primarily [in] the fact that it's been a learning process for Sipowicz."

Born in Inglewood, Calif., and raised in Tacoma, Wash., as the



THE BABY-SITTERS CLUB: ON *NYPD BLUE*, ANDY (DENNIS FRANZ) HAD JOHN (BROCHTRUP) WATCH HIS SON, THEO (AUSTIN MAJORS).

older brother to three sisters, Brochtrup says he knew very early on what he wanted to do. Even as a high-schooler he was very earnest about his craft, taking part in community theater and commiserating with other thespians in the greater Tacoma area. His passion then led him to New York University's Tisch School of the Arts, where he studied for 2 1/2 years before dropping out and returning home to Washington, then heading south to Los Angeles. Of his college days in the Big Apple, Brochtrup recalls, "I just felt like I couldn't go back...it's a place where I had not been very happy. I felt really talentless when I left."

Work in Los Angeles didn't come right away. "You see people who are 18 years old get off the bus from somewhere and are swooped up by CAA [Creative Artists Agency]. I hate them," deadpans Brochtrup, who made it through the early days by working "goofy" jobs like ironing shirts for men's fashion conventions, shucking oysters at a seafood joint, and selling crafts at Renaissance fairs. "I had to be much more tenacious about it. And it took me a longer time to become comfortable in my own skin."

Fortunately, he had that comfort when he was asked to audition for the part of Irvin on *NYPD Blue*—nearly a year after being spotted onstage in Joe Pintauro's play *Raft of the Medusa* by executives from the show. He landed the two-episode role, and the show's producers were pleased enough with his work that they asked him to stay for the rest of that season and for a recurring role the next. "He plays off other actors so beautifully that once he got on the set we knew we were never going to get rid of him," says *Blue* cocreator David Milch.

Brochtrup eventually parlayed John onto another Steven Bochco show, *Public Morals*, a half-hour sitcom for CBS. After that show failed, he bounced to Bochco's private-eye → (page 118)

# WHEN DUTY CALLS

How a nonsinging, nondancing, openly gay actor winged his way through the Middle East to entertain the troops. by Bill Brochtrup

"Do they know who I am?" I asked.

"Oh, *NYPD Blue* is very popular overseas," my publicist assured me.

"But do they know which one I am?" I asked.

"Yes," she assured me, "John is a very popular character."

"But they know who I am?" I asked once more.

"Yes," she said.

"Then I'll go."

And that, quite simply, is how I found myself flying to the Persian Gulf with the USO to entertain American troops.

The irony wasn't lost on me. I don't sing. I don't dance. And I'm gay. What's wrong with this picture? As it turns out, the USO has something called "handshake tours" that send TV people overseas to meet and greet servicemen and women, bringing them a little piece of America.

In the weeks prior to my departure, friends suggested witty but generally unhelpful lines, such as, "Now that I've seen the ships, I can't wait to see the seamen!"

But I was so intrigued by the idea that the USO, in its 60th anniversary year, wanted to send a gay guy to the Islamic Kingdom of Saudi Arabia to meet the troops, I had to go. So I rather blithely said yes—sporting a lightheartedness that only could have existed prior to the then-unimaginable events of

September 11—without much more information than that the trip would be for a week over the Fourth of July and would involve signing autographs alongside actors from *Just Shoot Me*, *The Parkers*, and *Sabrina, the Teenage Witch*; half of us would go to Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates (which includes Dubai and Abu Dhabi), the other half to Jordan, and then all of us would meet in Bahrain. Offhand, I thought the *Sabrina* people were certainly better choices for the job than myself, but I was determined to do the best I could—part of my having-to-be-perfect complex.

I signed a distressing "Saudi DEATH letter," acknowledging I understood that the penalty for bringing drugs into the country was DEATH—written in capital letters—and received an equally disconcerting military ID card emblazoned with the word ENTERTAINER—also in capital letters—with a long paragraph in fine print explaining my Geneva Convention rights should I be taken prisoner. But days before leaving, an American court convicted some Mideast terrorists. CNN reported that threat levels had been raised, and that all nonessential military transport had ceased. Feeling "nonessential," I called the USO and was assured that the military would never send civilians into a dangerous area. Over the next few hours the trip was on and off a number of times. It seems there were "credible terrorist threats," and terrorists like to make statements; blowing up an



BILL WEARS A CASHMERE V-NECK SWEATER BY HELMUT LANG.



DESERT ROSE (FROM LEFT): BILL PREPARES FOR HIS FLIGHT TO THE USS CONSTELLATION; HE MAKES NEW FRIENDS ON HIS TOUR OF BAHRAIN.

American base on the Fourth of July is a big statement.

And though a little more apprehensive than before, I was actually relieved when we were finally given the go-ahead. There was some news, however, that *really* frightened me: My costar in this adventure—a pretty girl from a sitcom—had decided to bow out in light of the current political situation. While I understood her fear (well, actually, not really), I was now in a bit of a pickle. I have to admit that my plan had always been to stand behind the pretty girl and wave. Now—at least for part of the trip—I was going to be a gay guy waving at the crowds of testosterone without the benefit of a pretty girl to hide behind. This scared me more than any “credible terrorist threat.”

But on the plane something kind of wonderful happened. Returning to my seat, I found a note that someone had left there in my absence. Besides a very nice word about my looks (always a good way to get my attention), the anonymous author went on to write, “We change minds one at a time. You could be the poster child for that idea.” What a lovely thing to say.

I arrived in Dubai to find that electrical storms in D.C. had caused my USO liaison to be delayed. So there I was with no pictures to sign or T-shirts to hand out and, of course, no pretty girl. I was greeted with the disappointing news that threat conditions in Saudi remained at Delta (the highest level), so travel to the kingdom would not be permitted. I was, however, cleared (very military-sounding) to visit a docked aircraft carrier—and its 5,000 men and 40 women—in the port of Jebel Ali the next morning, July 3.

I had much trouble sleeping that night—and it wasn't just the jet lag. Five thousand sailors, no pics, no shirts, no girl, no singing, no dancing. What the hell was I doing here? Would anyone even know who I was? Would someone yell out “Fag”? Or might there be a secret nod of understanding from some young, closeted midshipmen?

The morning in Dubai was a sweltering 110 degrees, and my driver, Mohammed, whisked me across the flat, baking desert to Jebel Ali. The carrier was shipping out to patrol the gulf that evening, and the troops were having a barbecue just off the ship in a small, secured area known as “the Sandbox,” the not completely creative name for what was literally a big sandbox. The guys were being served hamburgers and—to everyone's great happiness—beer under a hastily erected canopy. There were some locals selling rugs and, curiously, woolly blankets. There was a very popular little go-cart track, a laundry truck, and, like an oasis, a set of air-conditioned trailers called “the Casbah” filled with things any guy would like: a big-screen TV surrounded by beanbag chairs, computers for E-mail, Sony PlayStations, and a giant stuffed camel.

An officer from the ship brought me aboard to meet the commander. He was very gracious and thanked me profusely for coming to see the guys, and I was given a tour of the ship, which was like a small city. The carrier has its own police department, fire department, newspaper, hospital, stores, and TV studio—the troops even desalinate their own water. But it reminded me more of a big high school. As I walked around the ship it was easy to spot the types: the young, new ones, like nervous-looking freshmen; the brainy honor society officers; the varsity “We're gonna rule the school” Top Gun pilots with provocative handles like “Willy,” “Flaccid,” and “Stoner.”

Throughout the trip I wondered if it was that high school feeling that brought up my own homophobic feelings—shame and whatnot. Was I laughing a little heartier? Shaking hands and slapping backs a little harder than normal? Trying to “pass”? Kind of an absurd notion when anyone who cares about such things knows that I'm “the gay guy from *NYPD Blue*.”

Still, it took me till near the end of my tour to gather the courage to ask the guide about gays in the military. He said he was sure there were gays and lesbians on the ship, but, “you know, we ‘don't ask, don't tell.’ There haven't been any problems onboard, but most guys just keep it to themselves. I know quite a few who came out after they left the service. It's no big deal.” He likened it to women in the military. Some of the older men had trouble with that at first, but the young ones, growing up with it, couldn't care less. He felt that gays and lesbians are on a similar path to acceptance.

Back in the Sandbox, I spent many hours hanging out with

# I FOUND OUT THAT THERE REALLY IS A BRIG AND THAT HAVING SEX WITH SOMEONE ONBOARD—MALE OR FEMALE— COULD GET YOU SENT THERE.

sailors and pilots from the Navy and Marines. We talked about their parents, wives, and kids (some newly born and as yet unseen), about their individual duties and the pride they have in performing them, about the nasty hot weather, about how nice Dennis Franz is, and how I seem to be many people's "wife's favorite character on the show" (a compliment I'm used to receiving from many of the macho cops who visit our set and want to say something nice but also want to keep a little distance between themselves and the 'mo). I found out that there really is a brig, that they do send people there with nothing but bread and water, and that having sex with someone onboard—male or female—could get you sent there. But I also learned that (and this was a question that was on my mind the whole time, seeing the staggering lack of privacy: rows of bunks, open shower areas, and thousands of healthy 18- to 25-year-olds) if you "took care of things yourself" after pulling shut the little curtain on your bunk, probably no one would say anything. Well, there's that.

As I left that evening the officer in charge of all the pilots onboard said he would try to arrange for me to return by plane to the carrier when it was at sea, so I could see the jets taking off and landing, a prospect that excited me very much.

The next day, July 4, Mohammed (or "Mo," as he liked to be called) drove me farther out into the desert of Abu Dhabi to Al Dhafra Air Force Base to join in their celebration. On the way, Mo, 23 and a big American-movie buff, explained to me that there is a huge amount of homophobia in Arabia—that he, by virtue of having a ponytail, was chastised by men saying derisively, "Why would you want to look like a woman?" But he didn't care ("Fuck them, it's just a ponytail!") and noted that young people in the Emirates are growing up more open-minded.

Al Dhafra is a small refueling station of just 300 soldiers living in tents. Because of strict security requirements, there was no leave, and I had to pass through numerous checkpoints with dogs and X-rays—as well as a slalom of concrete barriers that

prevent straight-shot car bombings—to arrive at the modest barbecue. I cannot convey how warmly the troops greeted me. I gave away all the T-shirts and pictures I had (my USO liaison having arrived that day from Washington!), made a little speech over the karaoke microphone, and am happy to report I was on the winning side of the tug-of-war, the evening's main event.

I was particularly moved when one of the pilots—winner of the one-handed push-up contest—gave me his squadron medalion, rubbed smooth around the edges from being fingered in his pocket, and told me it would mean a lot if I could put it somewhere on the set. Keen-eyed viewers can look for it proudly playing the role of a paperweight on my desk this season.

So many of the men and women seemed amazed that I was there. "You could go anywhere this summer. Why would you come here?" But beneath that beautiful white Arabian full moon, I could think of no more perfect place to celebrate Independence Day.

I spent the next few days on the island of Bahrain at the naval support base, meeting up with the other TV folks (now I was with a few pretty girls!), talking to soldiers, getting rides on Humvees, signing pictures, and sweating.

I finally got the nerve to ask my USO liaison something else I'd wondered from the beginning: Weren't they hesitant about sending an openly gay man here? She actually seemed surprised by my question, and replied that she and the four-star general in charge thought it was great. Sweetly, she seemed much more concerned about my future as a gay actor in Hollywood than with my "entertaining" on a military base.

The climax of my adventure came with our return to the aircraft carrier, now at sea, by means of a C-2A Greyhound, landing on the flight deck, caught on a wire, just like Tom Cruise. I'd been warned that the last time the Navy flew visitors in, two cheerleaders had thrown up on themselves, but I am proud to say that I am much tougher than the average cheerleader and took the G-Force like a man—as did Melissa Joan Hart and → (page 124)



# intimate parties

Beyond the babble of a holiday dinner table lie more private scenes: moments when revelers slip into other rooms, such as those pictured here at New York's chic, recently renovated Bryant Park Hotel. Clad in the season's favorite look, relaxed formality, the parties engage in idle chatter: anything to avoid doing the dishes!

photographs by dominique palumbo · fashion styling by gregory wein

A man in a dark suit is standing in a doorway, looking back over his shoulder. The scene is dimly lit, with the man's face and suit partially illuminated by light from the doorway. The background is dark, and the foreground shows the white frame of the doorway.

Gray-, stone-, and rust-striped two-button jacket, \$1,200, blue ribbed cashmere sweater, \$850, gray striped trousers, \$595, and wheat canvas travel bag with black leather trim, \$900, by **Marc Jacobs**. Dark brown pin-striped suit, \$1,740, and gray cashmere crew, \$550, by Tom Ford for **Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche**.

STORE INFORMATION ON PAGE 121





Opposite: Poplin stretch shirt, \$139, alpaca-front sleeveless knit vest, \$172, silk tie, \$85, and glitter stretch flannel trousers with attached belt, \$325, by **Neil Barrett**. Heather cashmere sweater, \$1,070, white cotton T-shirt, \$250, and platinum canvas trousers, \$890, by **Narciso Rodriguez**. This page (from left): Psychedelic houndstooth print flapper dress, \$595, by **Just Cavalli**. White jacket, \$553, salmon dress shirt, \$164, and white trousers, \$276, by **Alessandro Dell'Acqua**. Double-breasted pin-striped suit, \$798, dress shirt, \$298, and gray silk tie, \$78, by **Emporio Armani**. Navy pin-striped double-breasted suit, \$1,130, magenta dress shirt, \$270, and purple and blue silk tie, \$95, by **Dolce & Gabbana**. Green-pink-, and black-striped cashmere sweater, \$797, and green jersey trousers, \$650, by **Versace**.

STORE INFORMATION ON PAGE 121

This page: Black army crewneck sweater, \$750, blue cotton Vietnam hunt T-shirt, \$445, and black flat-front trousers, \$365, by **Louis Vuitton**. Opposite: Psychedelic houndstooth print flapper dress, \$595, purple suede cinch-waist dress, \$695, and asymmetrical leather suit, \$162, by **Just Cavalli**.

STORE INFORMATION ON PAGE 121







This page: Black silk charmeuse off-shoulder peasant blouse, \$1,795, peasant skirt, \$3,695, and embroidered black leather lace-up heels, \$795, by **Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche**. Lucea gold necklace, \$14,100, and earrings with cabochon garnets and pavé diamonds, \$4,800, by **Bulgari**. Opposite: White shirt with red embroidery, \$300, black thin-leg trousers, \$480, black slip-on boots, \$490, cream jacket with blue pinstripes, \$690, white shirt, \$300, khaki cotton trousers, \$350, and brown slip-on boots, \$490, by **Prada**.  
STORE INFORMATION ON PAGE 121





This page: Camel Creek jacquard satin double-breasted suit, \$1,904, and brown silk French-cuff shirt, \$1,190, by **Versace**. Fuchsia plunging sweater, \$300, and purple baggy leather trousers, \$1,050, by **Versus by Versace**. Opposite: Black moleskin classic two-button jacket, \$800, black slim-fit moleskin trousers, \$330, and opal-gray cashmere-silk jersey classic tank, \$640, by **Helmut Lang**. Black lace camisole, \$532, and black lace skirt, \$582, by **Prada**. Noblesse Collection ring with pink tourmaline, \$5,800, by **David Yurman**.

STORE INFORMATION ON PAGE 121







Opposite: Black iridescent twill jacket, \$495, graphite pin-striped shirt, \$325, black iridescent twill trousers, \$195, taupe satinized canvas jacket, \$495, and malt suede leather trousers, \$895, by **Calvin Klein**. Burgundy plaid sports coat, \$295, beige wool crewneck sweater, \$145, yellow dress shirt, \$49.50, and navy corduroy trousers, \$59.50, by **Tommy Hilfinger**. This page (from left): Black tuxedo suit, \$595, and white tuxedo shirt, \$89.50, by **DKNY**. Black tuxedo jacket, \$473, and tuxedo trousers, \$286, by **Tocca**. Black leather sandals with lime ankle wrap, \$420, by **Sergio Rossi**. Quatrefoil Collection necklace in 18-karat gold with black onyx and pavé diamonds, \$19,500, by **David Yurman**.

STORE INFORMATION ON PAGE 121

**Fashion Assistants:** Sam Spector and Wayne Warner. **Photographer's Assistants:** Patrick McCreal, Vincent Ferrigno, Brad Di Cascho, and Alfred Yan. **Hair:** Dan Sharp for the Agency. **Makeup:** Kiyoshi Maeda for Bradley Curry Management and Nicki. **Prop Stylist:** Shawn Patrick Anderson for Mel Bryant. **Models:** Dario for Grey, Francis P. for Karin, Heather G. for Forza, Kristen R. for Company, Sandy for O. Liam for IMG, and Alex B. and David M. for Next. **Special Thanks** to Nino Reeves and Ruthie Vester from Paul Winnet Communications, Bradley Curry, Mel Bryant, and especially James Palmer and the Bryant Park Hotel for their kindness and hospitality.

# Essentials

calendar style travel the list



11/02–11/04

## Rocky Mountain Women's Film Festival

Think Colorado is just for skiing, the Broncos, and right-wingers? Think again. This month the notoriously conservative city of Colorado Springs hosts the Rocky Mountain Women's Film Festival, a celebration of sapphic celluloid. Join flocks of feminist film fanatics as they pack the movie houses, coffeehouses, and guest houses of this quaint Pikes Peak community. Don't forget to take a hike (literally, of course)!

**THE PLACES TO STAY** *Quality Inn Garden of the Gods* 555 W. Garden of the Gods Rd., (719) 593-9119. Free breakfast awaits at this gay-friendly inn. **Old Town GuestHouse** 115 S. 26th St., (888) 375-4210. Charming B&B. **THE PLACE TO PLAY** *The Hide and Seek Complex* 506, 512, and 516 W. Colorado Ave., (719) 634-9303. A virtual compound of gay hedonism. **THE PLACE TO EAT** *Dale Street Café* 115 E. Dale St., (719) 578-9898. Unique veggie dishes and European fare. **THE DETAILS** Call (719) 226-0450 or visit [www.rmwfilmfest.org](http://www.rmwfilmfest.org).

11/02–11/11 **Out Takes Dallas 2001**

If you're weary of the standard megaplex fodder, take a trip to Dubya's home state of Texas for this GLBT film extravaganza. Catch all the flicks at Dallas's Lakewood Theater, a fully restored 1938 art deco movie palace. Visit [www.outtakesdallas.org](http://www.outtakesdallas.org) for details.

11/10 **Tap Your Troubles Away: The Music of Jerry Herman**

Well, hello, Dolly! And say hello to Carol Channing, Angela Lansbury, and out performer Jason Graae, among others, at Los Angeles's Luckman Theatre for this tribute to openly gay Broadway songmeister Jerry Herman. The star-studded show and shindig benefit the Actors' Fund and its AIDS outreach program. Call (323) 933-9266, ext. 54, for tickets and more info.

11/13–11/18 **Tranny Fest 2001**

This San Francisco brouhaha ain't your average drag show. A Tranny Tupperware Exchange, films, and lively forums abound at this weeklong festival of all things transgendered. For info call (415) 820-3223 or visit [www.trannyfest.com](http://www.trannyfest.com).

11/17–11/26 **The White Party: A Week in Paradise**

Any Thanksgiving where you don't have to stuff your hand up a turkey's intimate places could be considered blissful, but spending it with bare-chested hunks on Miami's South Beach is truly paradise! Get the scoop at [www.whiteparty.org](http://www.whiteparty.org) or call Care Resource at (305) 667-9296, ext. 12.

11/22–11/25 **Mr. Leatherman Toronto Weekend**

Consider yourself whipped? Get your hide to the Great White North for Canada's biggest leather pride celebration. Join droves of strapping, harnessed daddies for a weekend of dancing, pageantry, and perhaps a little consensual discipline. Visit [www.MrLT.com](http://www.MrLT.com) for more information.

Illustration by DEBBIE DRECHSLER

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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

Human beings, a sage once wrote, spend most of their lives in anticipation or recollection, an observation that absolutely applies to major occasions around the holidays. It is not the party or the dinner itself—where the small talk can be relentless and we, as hosts, may be busy in the kitchen—that often provides the most intense pleasure, but the path winding up to it and the residue the celebration leaves behind. The getting ready should be especially cheery. In the kitchen assembling the meal, in the dining room laying the table, and in the bedroom selecting our look: In such places we can adhere to our own rituals, without worry that others are enjoying themselves.

Music should accompany our activity. While we huddle over the butcher block, a radio station may be murmuring in the background; while we line up knives, perhaps a boys' choir trebles carols; and when we finally crash the closet to try on two or three outfits—all of which, curiously, make our bellies or bottoms protrude more alarmingly than they did last year and cause even the dog to turn up her nose—we should really let the music rip: maybe something from New Order's new album, which is called, conveniently, *Get Ready*.

A glance at the hors d'oeuvres, a pause to light the tapers, a moment to plump a pillow, before—behold!—that first guest arrives, the one who cannot make an entrance at a holiday feast without remarking on the exquisiteness of our evergreen wreaths or without quoting Capote: "It's fruitcake weather!" If we've gotten ready joyfully, it certainly is. →



photographs by Philip Pirolo  
styling by Steven Price

# getting ready

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# rush hour l.a.

**JAMESON**  
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WHAT'S THE RUSH?



# Essentials

style

Wood bowl with metal base by **Craig Varterian** at Room Service, West Hollywood, Calif. "Arran" chrome tray by **Alessi** at Diva, Los Angeles.

Wood and metal vase by **Craig Varterian** at Room Service.

Stereware, sterling flatware, and china with silver-plated edge by **Calvin Klein Home**. Linen napkins by **Banana Republic Home**.



Cotton shirt by **Hugo Boss**.  
Jeans by **Levi's**.

Ceramic square plate by **Armani Casa**. "Bavero" glass bowl by **Alessi** at Diva. Silver spoon at Geary's of Beverly Hills.

Bowl by **Umbra**. Nutcracker by **Williams-Sonoma**. "Rio" shaker set by **Alessi** at Diva

**Getting Ready**  
continued next page...

# Essentials

style

Red and white canvas sneakers  
by **Hugo Boss**. Leather boots  
by **Kenneth Cole**.

Red tie by **Tommy Hilfiger**.  
Red, gold, and white tie by  
**Valentino**. Red and navy tie  
cream pin-striped suit, and  
red nylon jacket by **Hugo  
Boss**. Cotton shirt by **Helmut  
Lang**. Denim shirt by **Levi's**.

Trousers by **Hugo Boss**.  
Briefs by **2(x)ist**.



THEY'RE YOUR  
**RESET  
BUTTON.**

Please **THINK** when you drink.

COME OUT & PLAY

IT'S MILLER TIME.



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# Essentials

style



## Mercedes-Benz

Hipsters, beware! Mercedes-Benz has its eye on you. Starting with the C-Class sports coupe, Mercedes is targeting young and stylish consumers with its least expensive car in years. At \$24,950, the C-class sports coupe is just the beginning for Benz, which plans a C-class wagon and a high-performance AMG sedan version. Visit [www.mbusa.com](http://www.mbusa.com) or call (800) FOR-MERCEDES.



## Kostas Murkudis

The Italian clothing company New York Industrie, known for its modern, tailored fashions, has a new creative force: Kostas Murkudis (near left), who has worked with Helmut Lang and also has his own line, is now designing the company's men's and women's collections, including the preview of the spring collection pictured at far left. For more information, visit [www.staffinternational.com](http://www.staffinternational.com).

# hot sheet

Trends from head to toe

## Crest Whitestrips

Although fall is the time to cut white out of your wardrobe, gleaming pearly whites are never out of fashion. Crest Whitestrips are worn for 30 minutes twice a day for two weeks—about the time it takes to rid your closet of your summer garb! At \$44 per box, Crest Whitestrips are available at mass-market groceries and drugstores nationwide.



## Motorola

If you want to be the coolest kid in town, check out the new Motorola V60c mobile phone. This munchkin features external display and voice recognition as well as wireless Web. For safety, opt for the ultracool headset, which doubles as an FM radio. Available through Verizon Wireless nationally and in all Alltel markets.



## Todd's Room

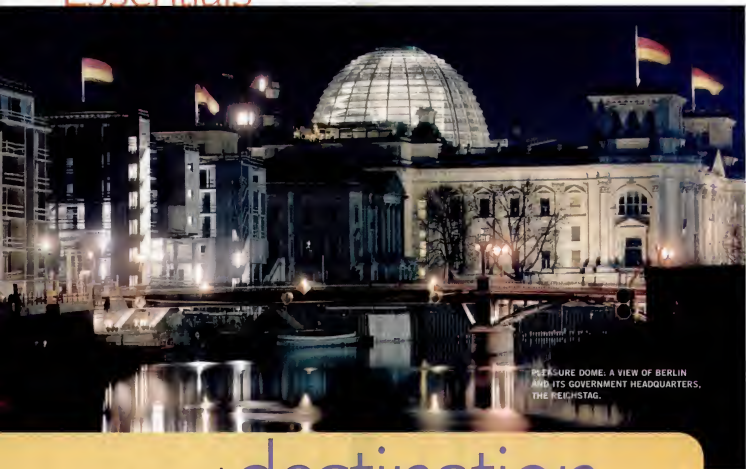
For an intimate setting offering innovative hair and makeup solutions, visit Todd's Room in hip Birmingham, Mich. This beauty boutique offers personalized consultations featuring makeup and hair lines like Paula Dorf and John Sahag and bath and body products like Skin, An Apothecary and also Not Soap, Radio. Call (248) 594-0003 for more info.



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PLEASURE DOME: A VIEW OF BERLIN AND ITS GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS, THE REICHSTAG.

## a capital destination

Studded with new tourist attractions, including a commemorative Jewish Museum, Berlin retains its old reputation as a gay sex playground. by **Scott Baldinger**

UNLIKE MANY AMERICAN urbanites, Berliners take pride in their current reputation as the world's most cosmopolitan proponent of the louche (to the point that Marlene Dietrich, who has a new collection devoted to her at the Film Museum—at Potsdamer Strasse 2—has become the city's spiritual icon). Logically for a city that funds its own slick new gay-themed Schwules Museum (at Mehringdamm 61), there remains a decidedly non-Giuliani approach to what remains one of the core attractions of any world-class city—the ability to show a horny visitor a good time. As a result, a randy gay man in Berlin will find a decent (if not

Amsterdam-level) assortment of sex clubs, bathhouses, video stores, and bars with back rooms, where the language barrier is easily breached. While there is little noticeable wildness on Berlin's streets, even in the vaunted gay neighborhood in the northern Schöneberg, there is round-the-clock cruising in the Tiergarten, the city's flat yet welcome version of Central Park.

For the gay visitor who prefers to make discoveries with his clothes on, there are myriad choices: from the pricey quasi-Parisian Kurfürstendamm to Checkpoint Charlie and beyond. And there is always the guidebook Berlin: the new, extraterrestrial SonyCenter, the

Reichstag, the restored Jewish Quarter (as well as the recently opened Jewish Museum Berlin), and the city's massive bunker of a department store, KaDeWe. It was, however, another bunker—Hitler's—that provided me with my most powerful moment in the German capital. One day, as my taxi stopped in traffic in front of this plot of short, patchy grass, I was so struck with regret for the greatest of 20th-century cruelties toward my sociological groups—Jewish, gay—that I began weeping aloud. What expression of new architectural design or repository of gay delights can compare to the power of what one can feel here? ■

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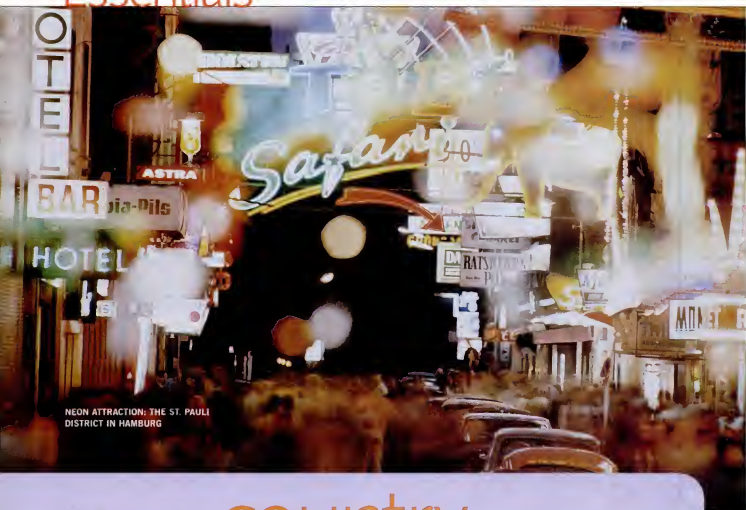


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## Essentials



NEON ATTRACTION: THE ST. PAULI DISTRICT IN HAMBURG

## Mann's country

As the German writer Thomas Mann knew, Hamburg's plentiful amusements are more mercantile than cultural—even when it comes to gay nightlife. **by Scott Baldinger**

THE BEWILDERING MASS of Berlin is something of a shock after visiting a nifty city like Hamburg, where—before ever thinking about sex—a traveler can immediately find satisfaction through bourgeois pursuits such as eating (at vintage delicatessens that balance the wurst with the best, the best being local seafood) and shopping for stylish bargains throughout the city's attractive confines.

Although Hamburg has a handful of museums, including the newly expanded Kunsthalle for modern art, the city remains far more a mercantile center than a cultural one—just as it

was when Thomas Mann, a native of nearby Lübeck, charted its history in his first great novel, *Buddenbrooks*. So don't feel guilty about eschewing an Anselm Kiefer retrospective for an afternoon at Lust for Life, the appropriately named glass department store at the foot of the Jungfernstieg, the best pedestrian shopping mall I have ever walked down.

Although this port city on the River Elbe was bombed to smithereens during World War II, its old urban fabric somehow remains intact, its most glorious visual section a Geneva-like enclosure surrounding the city's own

Alster Lake. Hamburg boasts of being the greenest city in Europe, but its most compelling attractions can be found in the nongreen St. Pauli and St. Georg districts. In the latter one can find sophisticated food shops and home decor outlets as well as more carnal attractions such as the always busy Tom's Saloon (Pulverteich 17; 011-49-40 280-3056). Hamburg is famous for its leather scene, but you can skip the famous Reeperbahn, the red-light district, which now has a self-conscious, mostly straight theme-park feel—and no good shopping nearby. ■

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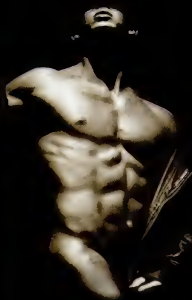
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## BILL BROCHTRUP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

"You see people who are 18 years old get off the bus from somewhere and are swooped up by CAA. I hate them," deadpans Brochtrup.

drama *Total Security*, starting alongside Jim Belushi, only to see that show suffer the same fate.

Again fortune intervened. "I wanted him to come home," states Milch, who no longer works on the show. "Bill had created a character who was a part of the life of that professional family."

"I felt like I won the lottery," muses Brochtrup. "If you'd asked me early on, a gritty cop show is not exactly where I thought my future was going to be. I am very proud of *NYPD Blue*, and I certainly feel that the writing on that show stands up to the writing in any medium, anywhere."

Although Brochtrup admits that much of that writing isn't focused on his character, that's just fine by him. "It would be nice to have more story lines sometimes, but every actor on every ensemble show would probably say that. It's called a supporting character for a reason, and that's OK," says the actor, who → (page 120)



BILL WEARS A CASHMERE V-NECK SWEATER AND COTTON SHIRT BY HELMUT LANG AND A TIE BY HUGO BOSS.

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Photograph courtesy of the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, University of California, Los Angeles.

## BILL BROCHTRUP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

has spent several summers working in the theater, including creating a role in the off-Broadway hit *Snakebit* in 1999.

"He does so much with so little," praises Franz. "Just a glance, just a look, just a quick shot over there, and it speaks volumes."

"It's like being in an orchestra," adds Brochtrup. "I am just happy to play my part."

Another thing that makes him happy is hanging out with his crowd and playing games, especially mah-jongg, the ancient Chinese tile game. "We think there are two kinds of people in the world: the people who love games and the people we feel sorry for," he jokes. Other things that keep him content are his family, most of whom reside in Manhattan Beach, Calif., and his boyfriend of 10 years, whom he's keeping to himself. "That is my private thing," shields Brochtrup, offering only that his significant other is "very supportive" and not in show business. Speaking of the business, is he afraid that by being out on TV and out in his real life he has typecast himself?

"I get angry about people who say, 'Oh, you're playing *another* gay character,' like they're disappointed. The implication being that there is something wrong with that," he challenges. "I don't feel that people are saying to Brad Pitt or whoever, 'You're playing a straight guy? That's so limiting.' There are so many gay writers who want to write about these things but haven't been able to before. The doors have been opened."

And if any of those stories call for a gay assistant, "I've got it pretty much down: ■

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# Essentials

the list



## an *Ab Fab* thanksgiving

This month *Out* gives thanks that Patsy and Edina are returning to television with more episodes of *Absolutely Fabulous*. Even though they're Brits, we had a few ideas about how Pats and Eddie would celebrate the holiday. **by Bob Smith**

Sweetie darling, why cook? The Pilgrims mooched a meal from the Indians, and so can you!

The secret of a good stuffing is to smuggle the drugs in condoms.

Make your own cranberry sauce: Whip up a batch of cosmopolitans.

There's nothing worse than a dry bird, so every 30 minutes pour yourself a glass of champagne.

Smoke big fat joints to help finish off the pumpkin pie.

Tell your children the story of the first Thanksgiving: "Sweetie darling, the Pilgrims were practically dying of thirst, so the Indians taught them how to distill vodka."

Avoid ab fab: no second helpings. In fact, Patsy says no first helpings; just drink.

Invite your family to celebrate the holiday at your house while you celebrate the holiday in Morocco.

Never borrow a turkey baster from a lesbian.

Throw away all leftovers. Cold turkey is an *Ab Fab* no-no.

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# WHEN DUTY CALLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91



DA PLANE: BILL STRIKES A POSE NEXT TO THE PLANE THAT TOOK HIM FROM THE DECK OF THE USS CONSTELLATION BACK TO BAHRAIN.

our entire steel-stomached group. But making a landing really is a thrill! And the phenomenal team effort of these men and women, creating a gigantic floating airport, is an amazing sight.

Just before we departed, after a great day of chats, autographs, photo ops, and ceremony, the commander made a speech, saying, "It's not always popular to be patriotic," but—I must say—at that moment I felt most proud to be an American and to be represented by these people.

Of course, I was treated as a "D.V."—military for "Distinguished Visitor." It is hard to imagine that on these same bases and ships gays have been teased, tormented, and worse. It is difficult to reconcile those images with my own wonderful experience. Clearly there is a long way to go before gay soldiers are safe to be themselves. But I'd like to think that we are slowly moving closer than we've ever been. We change minds one at a time. ■

CYNTHIA SANDER

124 OUT NOVEMBER 2001

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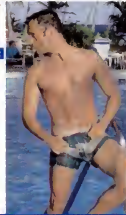
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**Q:** I am a gay male in my early 30s who is struggling with body image. On top of all the emotional trauma of growing up gay, I developed serious back problems as a teenager that have plagued me into adulthood. Consequently, I have never been able to build up my body like the gym bunnies I see glorified in every venue of gay male life. The two things I have going for me are a beautiful face and a warm, loving heart. I can't afford counseling, but I really want to love myself the way I am.

**A:** You say you want to learn to love yourself. The trouble is, you think your "self" is your body. It's not. Your body is just the house your "self" is living in at this time. You're right—the pumped-up gym body is today's stereotype, but what's so great about stereotypes? Every one of us has something we consider a limitation—be it physical, emotional, or mental. It's how we work with what we perceive as limitations that counts. You list two very strong assets, but my sense is that you give all your power to what you don't have instead of being grateful for what you do have. This is an inside job, my friend! You can't make anyone see you differently because how other people see you is about them, not you. I know dozens of gay men in loving relationships who are not walking around in one of those flavor-of-the-month bodies. You may not be able to afford counseling, but you probably can afford a book or two. Go to the self-help section of your local bookstore or favorite Web site and spend some time browsing. There's a lot of wisdom to be found on this subject. Get to work!

# ADVICE Cynthia O'Neal

## UNLOVABLE PECS, INTERNET SEX, AND HOW TO GRIEVE AFTER A CRISIS

Recently I discovered that my girlfriend has been having a wild old time of it online with a woman she met in a chat room. When I confronted her about it, she said the relationship has been confined to the Internet, so there isn't any cause for jealousy. But I'm worried that the online relationship may turn into a physical one. What should I do?

First, are you being honest about how you feel regarding the online relationship? You don't present that as a problem. If you do have feelings about that, it would be best to be honest with your girl-

friend about it, not from a place of saying she's wrong but just from a place of telling her how you feel. If you agree with her that because it's only happening online there's no real problem, your task is to stay in the present. It's very painful to live in negative predictions. Remember that all predictions, both positive and negative, are really only fantasies. We never know what is going to happen; we just think we do. You can't stop your mind from telling you such things, but you can stop giving those dark pictures so much power. When you find yourself picturing some-

thing that frightens you but has not actually happened, try to bring yourself into the present. Remind yourself of what is true right this minute and work to stay with that.

**After the September 11 terrorist attack, everybody immediately started talking about the need to "start the healing." But as a gay man who has dealt with several AIDS- and cancer-related deaths, I wonder—isn't it healthier to grieve first?**

I am so glad you asked this question at this time, and the answer is a resounding yes! If we

don't give our feelings all the space they need, they can often turn into a depression we get stuck in. It is appropriate to be grieving. And everyone needs to go through the process in his or her own way. You can be a powerful example here by honoring your own feelings and supporting the people around you in doing the same. The way to the other side of any feeling is not by going around it but rather by going through it.

*Need some advice? Write to Cynthia O'Neal at Out Advice, 6322 Hollywood Blvd., 10th Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90028 or advice@out.com.*



Be yourself. Make it a





# Scorpio

"I feel like my kids will grow up thinking that being gay is just normal, as opposed to being a tragedy," confides Björk.

Like her Scorpio cohabitants, Björk adores sex and takes love seriously—every time. With both her sun and moon in Scorpio, she oozes charisma and mesmerizes like a musical Rasputin—she supposedly sang before she talked. Her Venus in Capricorn aspecting her Uranus and Pluto in Virgo gives her earthy genius and power to teach the masses. Highly individualistic, she once said that everybody considers her a lunatic but that in her native Iceland she's the quiet one. Her Oscar swan dress probably held great symbolic value for her—if necessary, she would defy the fashion police and glue on every feather herself.

# HOROSCOPE Starla

## SCORPIO Oct. 24–Nov. 22

Scorpions cut loose, but don't be taken in by what you think is the best sex you've ever had. Wait until reality dawns at the end of the month. The same goes for what looks like the opportunity of a lifetime (job, investments, whatever). Thanksgiving serves up more than stuffed turkey; eat heartily, but don't turn fowl. Lighten up on intensity for a few days. Play today; brood next month.

## SAGITTARIUS Nov. 23–Dec. 21

If you've been thinking of calling an old dyke flame, go for it. Better yet, have a block party and invite all your old lovers—rent Madison Square Garden if necessary. Heal yourself by talking out those deep-seated resentments. Saturn and Pluto have been thorns in your side—which can wreck your attempts to have a good time. Still, Sadgies get back to their old, obnoxious one-night-stand selves right now.

## CAPRICORN Dec. 22–Jan. 20

Jupiter in Cancer benefits Capricorn relationships. If a friend wants to fix you up with the new gay boy on the block, the best times for trysts are November 7–8, November 17, and November 20. With Jupiter opposite your sun, your bedroom may be bulging—unless there's a revolving door. If someone is hot but iffy, skip the financial bedtime story for one night. Crass or not, you're still looking for Mr. Gold Bar.

## AQUARIUS Jan. 21–Feb. 19

Just because things aren't going your way, there's no need to get depressed—though counsel from me might be futile, because you rarely listen to anyone no matter how sound the advice. Take precautions while sidling up to that hottie at the gym, especially on November 5 and 26. Uranus and Neptune had temporarily stayed your lunacy, but now, with Mars swishing through Aquarius, you're back to the bizarre, seeking out another inappropriate relationship with someone out of your league.

## PISCES Feb. 20–March 20

Jupiter and those sizzling Scorpio planets lend a hand now, so Pisces could be feeling good for a change. Avoid an excessive expression of that wild Mars-Uranus energy. Make the most of wild inspirations, even though a moment of erratic independence could drown Pisces' hopes. But don't worry: A night alone at home listening to k.d. or Anne Murray will always restore you.

## ARIES March 21–April 20

November brings sexual spontaneity—but go slowly. If you're tempted by a best friend or his/her partner, don't be. Do think before you seduce or spend. Don't lend money to friends in the middle of the month. And read the fine print. For the hottest sex, stick (safely!) to casual acquaintances—maybe the pool boy wants to get a little closer.

## TAURUS April 21–May 21

Bulls feel impetuous, aching to kick up their hooves. But before you hover in midair, remember the bovine that jumped over the moon. Hey-diddle-diddling is a no-no this month, with a herd of planets opposing Taurans and their relationships. Enjoy a roll in the hay with that Ellen look-alike, but since bulls are seldom spontaneous, don't get so consumed that you miss work.

## GEMINI May 22–June 21

OK, so you're not the flake everyone thought. Your multiple personalities unify a little this month. Keep up the good work at the office and get a handle on something besides the neighbor. Mars brings extra energy—as if Gemini's need any. Focus and you'll reap rewards, maybe a work-related trip abroad. Your money situation is better, but watch out for November 5, when Mars sits on Neptune.

## CANCER June 22–July 22

You moon children sally forth in November—partying, gambling, speculating: Crabs get creative. With so many Scorpio planets in bed together, be careful of jumping onto someone you'll regret the next morning—even the next hour. Stay away from the roulette table, because dealers are playing crack the crab. And avoid the gay disco scene this month: Keep that cockiness under wraps.

## LEO July 23–Aug. 23

Drama queen alert! Mars makes all you divas cranky and even more imperious. If you have to roar, do so with strangers, not with housemates and live-in lovers. Weep on that friend's shoulder around the middle of the month—right after you're forced to eat humble pie at work. If you can rein in your ego, you might score some sudden sex. Take a break from being the hunter and enjoy being the hunted.

## VIRGO Aug. 24–Sept. 23

Virgos' usual idea of exercising their picky natures is to clean out a closet, but don't focus on the home this month. Pressure at work stays constant. Take a break: Meet your new hubby-honey at a gay benefit or just by cruising the street. And admit it, you repressors of perverse fantasies: Virgos can be kinkier than Scorpions.

## LIBRA Sept. 24–Oct. 23

Mars cuddles Neptune this month, making Libras dramatic. So go ahead and be the brave dykes that you are. The best time to plead for sex is November 5. The best time to ask for a raise is November 14–15—you'll be persuasive. Avoid asking for anything on November 26; the request could backfire. Libras can find romance in November, but don't spend money getting it. Watch your *Queer as Folk* videos for pointers on how to find sex for free.



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FROM LEFT, *ER* STAR ANTHONY EDWARDS WITH HIS WIFE, JEANINE LOBELL; TIRELESS ACTIVIST JUDITH LIGHT; LEGALLY BLONDE COSTAR HOLLAND TAYLOR; HONOREE WHOOP! GOLDBERG WITH ELIZABETH TAYLOR, WHO PRESENTED WHOOP! WITH HER ANGEL AWARD



## WIGSTOCK CHICAGO

AUGUST 31, CHICAGO THEATRE



FROM LEFT, WIGSTOCK CREATOR AND PRODUCER LADY BUNNY, WITH PORN EMPRESS CHI CHI LARUE AND THE GLAMOROUS MISS BRADLEY, MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL LEGEND THE LADY CHABLIS; CIRCUIT MOM STRUTS HER STUFF FOR THE ADORING AUDIENCE

# SCENE

## EMERY AWARDS KICKOFF, NYC

AUGUST 21, BENEFITING THE HETRICK-MARTIN INSTITUTE

## FROM AROUND THE COUNTRY



FROM LEFT: FASHION ENTREPRENEUR JEFFREY KALINSKY, RANDY SHOWN, AND BOARD MEMBER DARYL BOWMAN; SPOKESWOMAN HILARY SWANK WITH MARK LITTLE, WHOSE HOME WAS USED FOR THE EVENT



FROM LEFT: CYNDI LAUPER AND BOY GEORGE AT MTV'S 20TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY, NYC, AUGUST 1; MARGARET CHD AT A PARTY FOR CHO'S NEW SHOW BENEFITING DADE HUMAN RIGHTS FOUNDATION, MIAMI, AUGUST 30; PRODUCER ANDREA SPERLING, ACTOR GUINEVERE TURNER, AND POWER UP COEXECUTIVE DIRECTOR AMY SHOMER AT POWER UP'S POOL PARTY, LOS ANGELES, JULY 21; KATHY BATES PERFORMED VANITIES FOR THE L.A. GAY & LESBIAN CENTER, AUGUST 10.



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